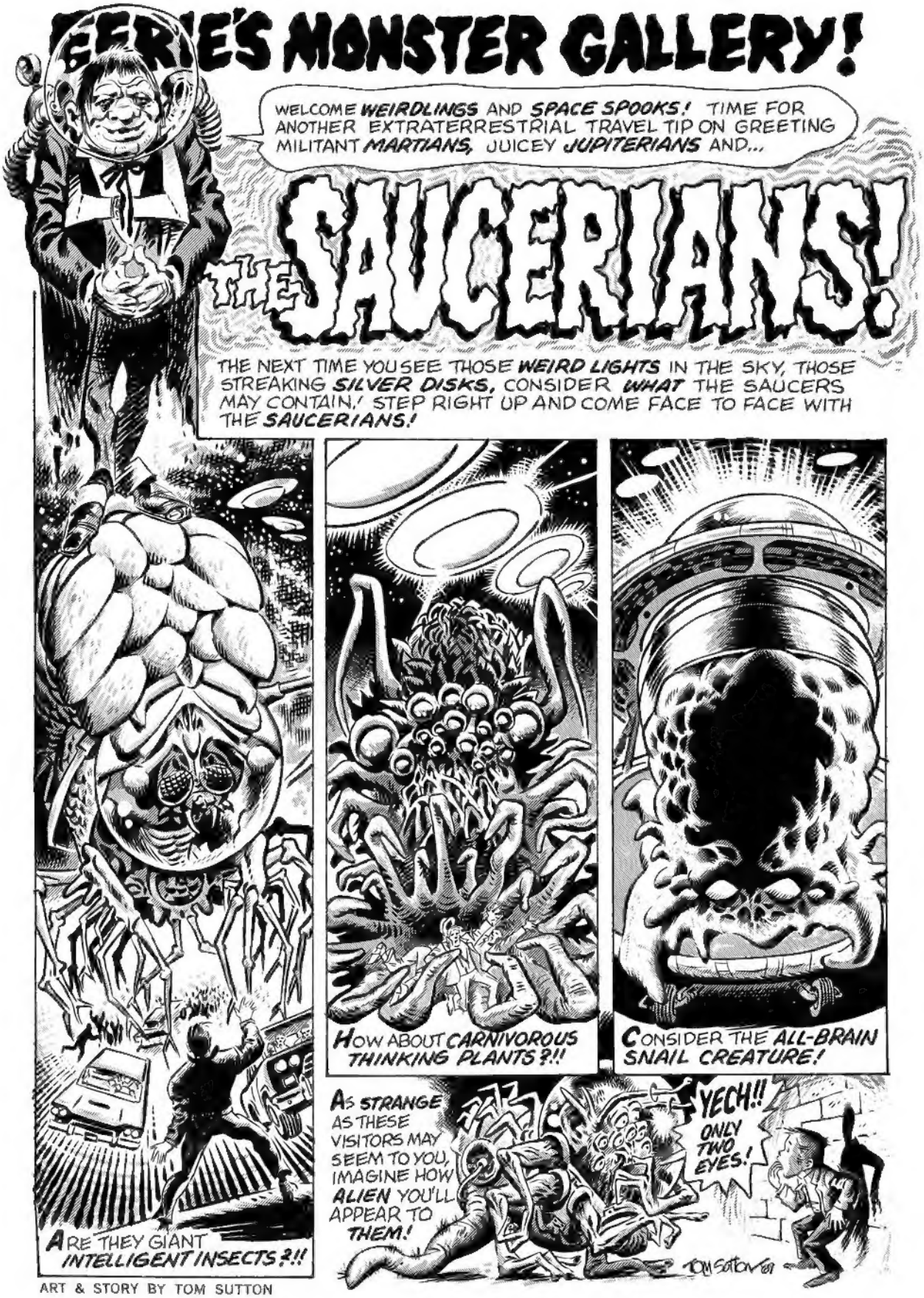
EERIE
EERIE
#28
JULY
A WARREN MAGAZINE
50c
ARE YOU UNDER 20?
... then come with us
as we take over the world
in THE LAST TRAIN TO ORION!

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!



ART & STORY BY TOM SUTTON

EERIE

NO. 28

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

"A monster with a gun? You've got to be kidding!"

In Issue #26, you had a story called "Cyked-Out." Why can't you write more stories like that?

ERIC LECHT
New York, N.Y.

No special reason, Eric. Now that you mention it, maybe we will.

I saw your issue #26 and hated it. I thought the cover was stupid. Have you ever seen a monster with a gun I always thought monsters were supposed to kill people with wooden stakes and things like that. But never guns.

MARK BOSSE
Providence, R.I.

How can you be sure that monster didn't just take a gun away from some nut who thought you could kill a monster with a gun?

EERIE #26 was terrible. That's a compliment. Could you run a photo of **EERIE** #1. Does anyone have a copy of #1 for sale?

FRED BECK
Wadesboro, N.C.

Issue #1 was terribly good, too,. So good, in fact we don't know of a single collector willing to sell his copy. Anybody out there willing to help Fred find one?

Let me congratulate you on a superb issue. Issue #26 was the best you've put out since Ish #10. And I was glad to see an entire issue full of brand-new stories! By all means continue, but have Parente do more stories. And what ever happened to Reed Crandall? He did a few great stories, then left again. Same with Grandanetti.

BILL MARKS
St. Marys, Penna.

Beats me, Bill. Reed's still out there somewhere. So's Jerry. Keep watching for them.

I am a new fan of Warren's family of fearsome freaks. His Uncle Creepy, for one, is a little too far out for me. His frightful friends at F.M. are number one on my charts for a magazine with photos and articles about recent flicks from Horrorwood. His maid Vampi is a downstairs one (about six feet down). And then **EERIE** (Wake up Cuz . . . that's **you!**) is number one on my charts for magazines with the best junkyard art and broken crayon stuff. I would like to give Bill Warren a compliment for his "Spiders Are Revolting" it was the best of all the stories in the last two issues. I would like to know: Is he related to the Warren? And by the way, why don't we hear from the Warren more often? Why doesn't he ever write a story and give editor Bill Parente a rest. Parente must have had writer's cramp after Issues #25 and #26. I suppose that James Warren just sits back in his padded, air-conditioned coffin all day and just gets some wing exercises at night. But besides that, all he does is count his money.

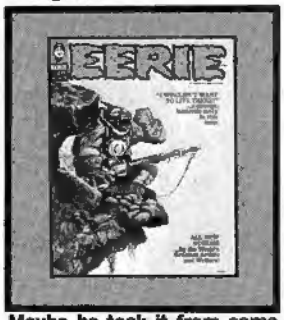
ALAN DALE GULLETTE
Great Falls, Mont.

The Warren, who claims to have been made, not born, and therefor has no relatives, was once an artist. But there is no known record of anything he has written except a check or two. We've tried to talk him into contributing art to the FAN FARE page, but you can't insist too much with the boss. Maybe a letter-writing campaign might do the trick. Starting with Alan Dale Gullette.

I think your books are stupid., I like the monsters book better. I just read issue #26 and the cover was ridiculous. A monster with a gun? You've got to be kidding! Besides, he's a real goon. I think even Uncle Creepy's covers are better than yours. But I still think you're the most gruesome thing I've ever seen. Could you send me a picture of yourself? My sister just adores you.

BOBY COX
Providence, R.I.

Your sister, huh? What's her name? Poppy? By the way, there's a fellow in Providence you ought to meet. His name is Mark Bosse. He has the lowdown on monsters with guns.



Maybe he took it from some nutty monster-killer.

I'm all mixed up. I thought Dracula could turn himself into a bat. Then I saw a movie called "Horror of Dracula" where a man said he didn't think Dracula could turn himself into a bat.

ERIC DIEKHANS
Terre Haute, Ind.

You're not mixed up, he is. Some of the things you hear in movies are enough to drive you bats.

It's me, your horror hippie, writing ta let ya know that reading your mag has brought me to a stage that without it every week . . . well, who knows what might happen? All I know for sure is that your great mag is a pot of horrifying gold stuff. In horror hippie talk, in a graveyard with your dead girlfriend: "It's where it's it."

JOHN CARECCIA
Bronx, N.Y.

I didn't know there were hippies in The Bronx. Let's hear three Bronx cheers for John Carecia, the horror hippie. From the Bronx.

What would you recommend for a vampire like me who can never suck a person's blood right? Like, last week I snuck up on my history teacher and my braces got caught in her throat. So there I was with a drained corpse and still hungry. Then my mother called the doctor to get me unattached from my history teacher. He pulled her free all right, but I lost four teeth in the operation. What would you do?

C. MEIN
Palatine, Ill.

Beats me, Chow. I'm not a vampire myself. Why don't you try sneaking up on your teachers with a little silver hammer? They don't struggle if you surprise them that way. I don't know how you're going to get along without those teeth. I'd suggest a liquid diet, but I guess you've already tried that.

I just finished issue #26. It was the first time I bought an **EERIE** magazine. I think it is a fantastic idea. I went right out and bought a **CREEPY**, too. But I like **EERIE** better. I tried to buy **VAMPIRELLA**, but couldn't find one, so I ordered a subscription. And one for **EERIE**, too. I noticed in your letters section and in the **FANFARE** pages, no girls wrote in. I'm a girl, and I want to know if any girls have ever written to you before.

CYNTHIA GIBSON
Garden City, Mich.

It's this way, Cynthia, lots of girls write to me, but they get carried away and get too mushy for reprinting. I can't help it if I'm so attractive to the opposite sex.

I read your magazine a lot. I think it is very good. I want to say something about the letter in issue #26 from a fellow who calls himself "Anthony Calvello." I'm glad he's going to stop reading **EERIE**. It is a person like him who gives you a bad name. He doesn't know what he's talking about. Your magazine isn't trash. And it is anything but a bore. I want to say something to this "Anthony," If he still reads your magazine: If you think that **EERIE** Magazine is trash, why did you read it? I think you have some loose bolts in your head. You should go and have your head looked at.

JILL HANOUSEK
Portland, Ore.

So there, "Anthony Calvello!" See, Cynthia Gibson, what I mean about my attraction for the opposite sex?

The only thing I liked about Issue #26 was the photo on page 31. Wowee!

RAYMOND VANOVER
Norwood, Ohio

Yes. And it's still a mystery who that girl is. She appeared at the World Science Fiction Convention in St. Louis last September and

"Why do you print that stuff that says you stink?"

hasn't been heard from since. Has anybody seen our girl?

CINDERELLA '70 is still unidentified. Recognize her?

I wanted to say your magazine is the greatest. I don't get to see it often because not many copies come to Norman, Oklahoma. Any time I'm in town I look for it. Please get more copies out here.

JANICE ERNST
Norman, Oklahoma

Three in one issue. How does that suit you, Cynthia Gibson?

In "Dear Cousin Eerie," one of the letters asked about werewolves and vampires in mortal combat. You said something about the vampire's silver fillings being helpful. In the last page of the last story in the same magazine a gangster said that all werewolves can defeat vampires in a fair fight. What do you say about that?

ROBERT JERSKY
Ridgewood, N.J.

Who you going to believe, Bob, a gangster?

The cover on issue #26 was really good! That orange background, the hot pink-purple letters, all looked great. But why do you print that stuff in "Fan Fare" and "Dear Cousin Eerie" that says you stink? Some guy from New Jersey says, and I quote: "Artwork: poor. Stories: terrible. Cover: atrocious." Why print that? I just want you to know I wouldn't criticize you. I like your covers. I like your book. How about a request: A story about druids. O.K.?

JANE VANCE
Greensboro, N.C.

Hey, Cynthia! Here's another one! Jane Vance likes me. She likes druids, too.

About that picture in the **EERIE** #26 "Fan Fare" page by ". . . a fan who forgot to sign his name . . ." I'm willing to bet a pint of my finest that it was done by your own artist, Ernie Colon. And another pint says he also did the lead story in **VAMPIRELLA** #4 under the name of David St Clair. Am I right or wrong?

ANTHONY KOWALIK
Harvey, Ill.

Could be, Tony. But you couldn't prove it by me.

It burned me up when I read that letter from Anthony Calvello in issue #26. I'm on your side.

JOHN BURGIN
Fields, La.

Burned me up, too. It wouldn't have bothered me half as much if he hadn't said CREEPY was a good magazine.

A friend of mine just told me that they're making a movie of "Dark Shadows." Is he right?

PAUL JACOBS
Santa Clara, Cal.

I don't know where your friend heard about it, but remember you heard it here first: A movie called "Dark Shadows," starring Joan Bennett, Grayson Hall, Jonathan Frid and Kathy Scott, is being filmed right now.

Want to write us?
Address your mail to
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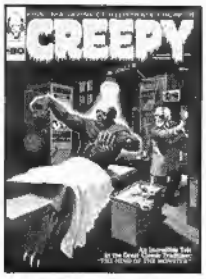

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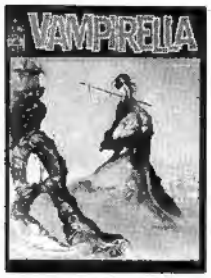

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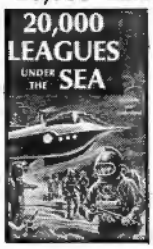

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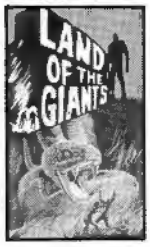

The grass was six feet high and insects the size of dogs. Men and women were 70-foot giants! Based on the exciting TV Series.
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Based on the popular TV series! A tropical paradise turns out to be a terror-racked hell, with mammoth insects and terrifying giant natives.
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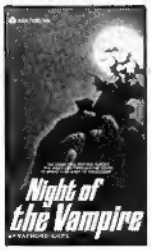
NIGHT of the VAMPIRE



The eerie call echoed across the endless miles and down through the years to bring them back to Sanscoeur! A land where the moon glows green and bats scream in the wind. Scary!
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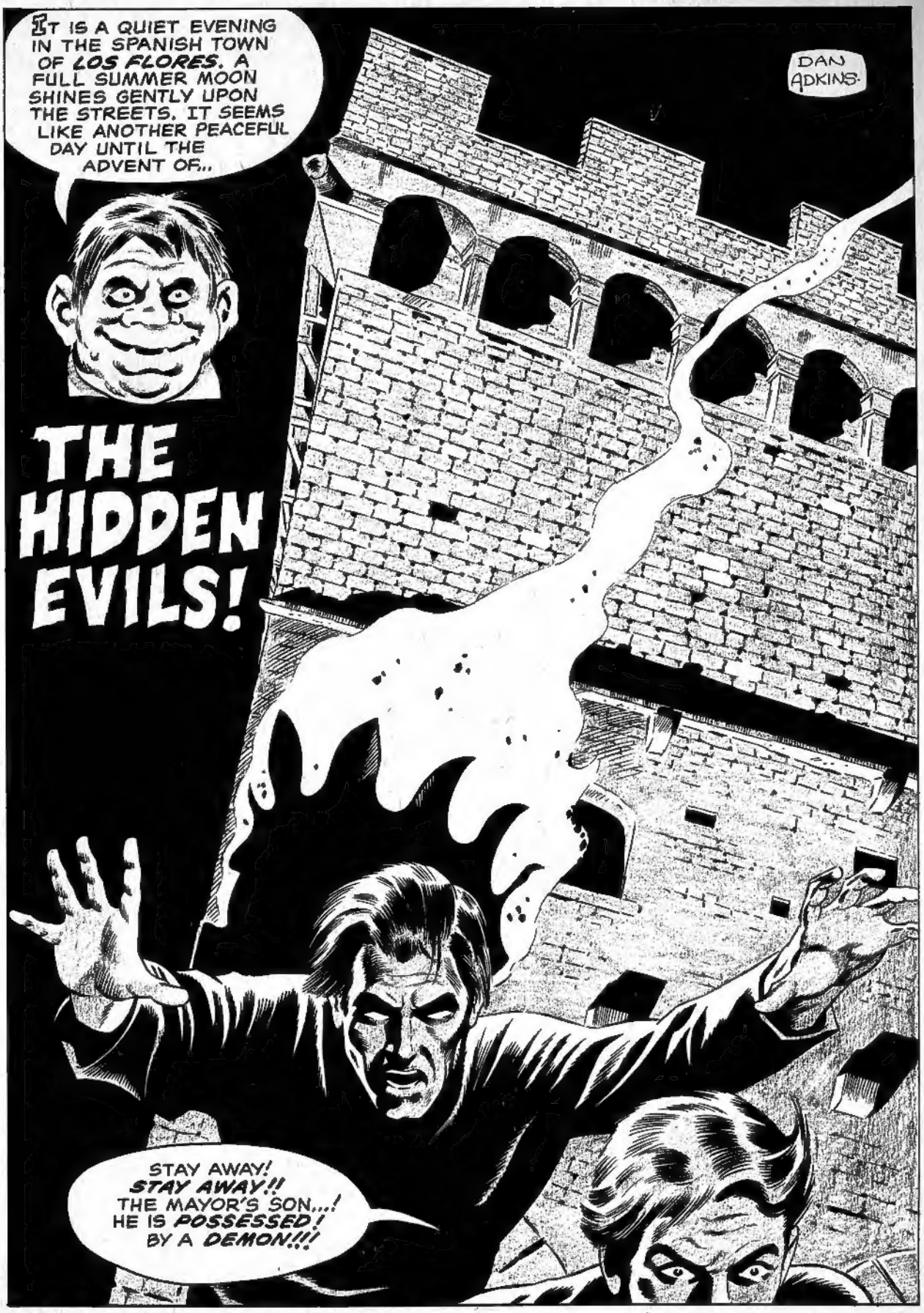


ART BY DAN ADKINS/STORY BY JAMES HAGGENMILLER

DIO MIO! A DEVIL HAS HIS SOUL!
FLEE! FLEE TO THE CHURCH AND PRAY!
RUN TO YOUR CHURCH, YOU FRIGHTENED, HYPOCRITICAL SHEEP! BUT SEE IF YOUR SAVIOR CAN PROTECT YOU FROM...
...THIS!!
MADRE DE DIOS! EVIL GAS!
IT HAS THE ODOR OF... OF BRIMSTONE! MOVE BACK!!

WITH THE NOXIOUS FUMES GONE, SUDDENLY THE *DEMONIAC* BECOMES RIGID AND WITH EYES GLASSY, TREMBLES AND SWAYS... THEN HE EMITS AN ASSORTMENT OF ANIMAL NOISES!

ROOWWRRRR... ARROOOOOO!! HOOWWLL!

A SERIES OF STRANGE AND FRIGHTENING POSITIONS IS NEXT PERFORMED BY THE MAN-DEMON AND SUDDENLY, A STRANGE AND CRYPTIC LANGUAGE SPILLS FROM HIS CROOKED LIPS...

SUBIRGI SLIBBUTHIAR! NMENTYROG GITHFIR TVI ABROPTI! GNHENA! GNHENA!!

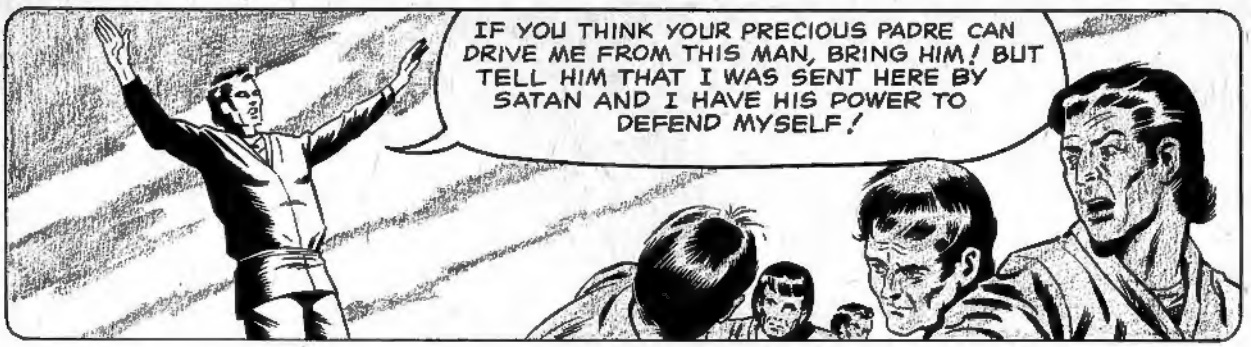
FINALLY, THE UNUSUAL CODE IS STOPPED AND THE DEMONIAC SLOWLY RISES TO COME TO A HALT A DOZEN FEET ABOVE THE STREET!

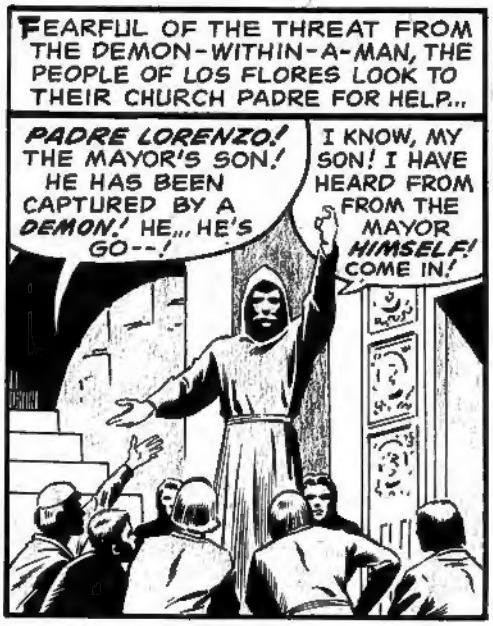
HIS FINAL ACT DONE AND THE POSSESSED SOUL HOVERING QUIETLY AND STILL, THE FRIGHTENED TOWNSFOLK RECOVER SOME OF THEIR COURAGE AND APPROACH HIM...

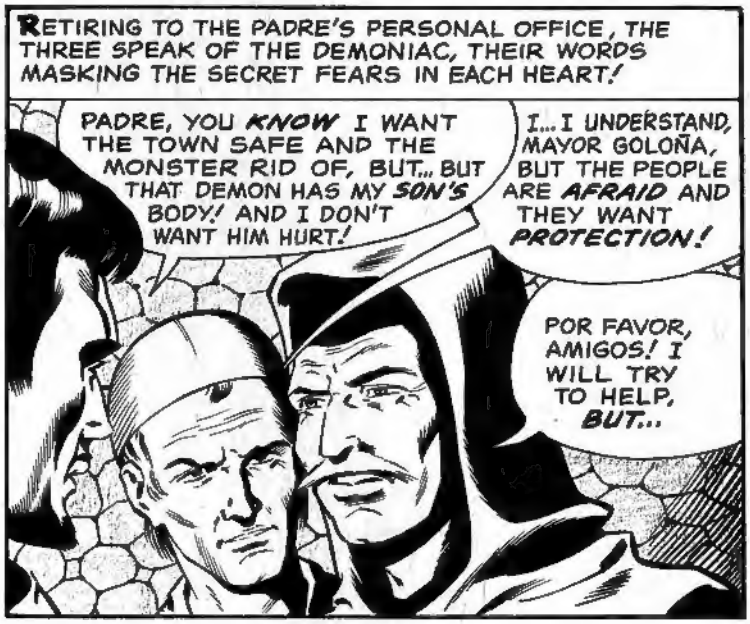
WHY IS HE JUST... JUST *FLOATING* THERE?

QUIÉN SABE, AMIGO? PERHAPS HE IS PLANNING MORE EVIL TRICKS!

COME, WHILE THE DEMON IS STILL, LET US FIND THE PADRE. A MAN OF GOD CAN HELP US!


IF YOU THINK YOUR PRECIOUS PADRE CAN DRIVE ME FROM THIS MAN, BRING HIM! BUT TELL HIM THAT I WAS SENT HERE BY SATAN AND I HAVE HIS POWER TO DEFEND MYSELF!


FEARFUL OF THE THREAT FROM THE DEMON-WITHIN-A-MAN, THE PEOPLE OF LOS FLORES LOOK TO THEIR CHURCH PADRE FOR HELP...
PADRE LORENZO! THE MAYOR'S SON! HE HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY A DEMON! HE... HE'S GO--!
I KNOW, MY SON! I HAVE HEARD FROM FROM THE MAYOR HIMSELF! COME IN!


RETIRING TO THE PADRE'S PERSONAL OFFICE, THE THREE SPEAK OF THE DEMONIAC, THEIR WORDS MASKING THE SECRET FEARS IN EACH HEART!
PADRE, YOU KNOW I WANT THE TOWN SAFE AND THE MONSTER RID OF, BUT... BUT THAT DEMON HAS MY SON'S BODY! AND I DON'T WANT HIM HURT!
I... I UNDERSTAND, MAYOR GOLOÑA, BUT THE PEOPLE ARE AFRAID AND THEY WANT PROTECTION!
POR FAVOR, AMIGOS! I WILL TRY TO HELP, BUT...

I WILL NEED THE WEAPONS OF A STRONGER POWER TO DEFEAT THAT SATAN'S SERVANT!

WITHIN THE HOUR, THE PADRE AND THE POSSESSED MAYOR'S SON CONFRONT EACH OTHER! THE SERVANT OF SATAN AND THE SERVANT OF THE SAVIOR! WHICH WILL TRIUMPH?
HEAR ME, DEMON! EITHER LEAVE THE BOY'S BODY OR FACE THE WRATH OF THE LO--!
BAH! OLD MAN, IF YOUR 'SAVIOR' WERE SO POWERFUL, COULD I...

... DO THIS? HA, HA!
FOR A MOMENT, THE PADRE LIES ON THE GROUND, THE OBJECTS WITH WHICH HE PLANNED TO DRIVE THE DEMON AWAY SHATTERED UPON THE GROUND. THEN, HE STIRS AND LIFTS HIMSELF UP AND SOMETHING IN THE PEOPLE DIES, FOR THEIR LAST HOPE IS GONE!
I--I'M SORRY! I FAILED!
YOU DID WHAT YOU COULD, PADRE! THAT'S ALL YOU COULD DO!
I SUGGEST WE RETURN TO THE CHURCH, MY CHILDREN! HE CANNOT FOLLOW AND PERHAPS WE COME ACROSS A WAY TO STOP HIM!
I GUESS YOU ARE RIGHT, PADRE. THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO DO.
RETURNING TO THE PADRE'S CHURCH, WHICH SERVES AS A SANCTUARY AGAINST THE HELLISH POWERS OF THE DEMONIAC, THE PADRE AND HIS PARISHIONERS TRY TO COME UP WITH A PLAN OF ACTION...
IF THE POSSESSED UNFORTUNATE COULD BE CAUGHT AND BROUGHT HERE, I COULD PERFORM THE RITE OF EXORCISM AND DRIVE THE DEMON OUT OF HIM, BUT...!
PADRE! COME QUICKLY!!
PADRE! PADRE! THERE IS... IS A MAN WHO SAYS HE CAN RID US OF THE DEMON!
WELL, SHOW HIM IN!
HE SAYS HE WILL NOT SPEAK WITH YOU HERE, IN FRONT OF US! HE WANTS YOU TO COME OUTSIDE TO SPEAK WITH YOU PRIVATELY!
OH! ALL RIGHT, IF HE CAN HELP US, IT WILL BE NO TROUBLE! MIS AMIGOS! STAY INSIDE UNTIL I RETURN!
PEACE, FRIEND! IS IT TRUE YOU CAN HELP US?
PEACE, PADRE! YES! IT IS TRUE! I CAN RID YOU OF THE DEMON!

SCARCELY BELIEVING HIS EARS, THE PADRE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO SMILE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SEVERAL HOURS...

BLESS YOU, SEÑOR! THAT IS THE MOST WONDERFUL THING I HAVE HEARD ALL AFTERNOON! WHAT IS YOUR NAME AND HOW DID YOU COME TO KNOW ABOUT SUCH THINGS?

I AM ASTÁN...

...AND AT ONE TIME, I SERVED THE SAME MASTER AS YOU, BUT, ALAS, I COULD NOT SUSTAIN THE FAITH! EVER SINCE, I HAVE LEARNED MUCH ABOUT MANY THINGS!

I BELIEVE YOU CAN RID LOS FLORES AND THE MAYOR'S SON OF THE DEMON WHICH POSSESSES HIM, BUT *NOW*?

THAT'S *MY* JOB, PADRE! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO SUPPLY ME WITH SEVERAL YOUNG MEN PLUS AN ISOLATED ROOM IN A DESERTED SECTION OF LOS FLORES!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SEÑOR ASTÁN, BUT I WILL FIND SOME BRAVE YOUTHS FOR YOU!

UNSURE THAT HE SHOULD OBEY THE MAN'S STRANGE REQUEST BUT REALIZING THAT ASTÁN IS THE TOWN'S ONLY HOPE PADRE LORENZO ENLISTS THE AID OF SIX STOUT MEN! AFTER APPROVING OF THEM, ASTÁN GIVES THEM A ROPE AND A HEAVY BLANKET AND LEADS THE WAY TO TOWN...

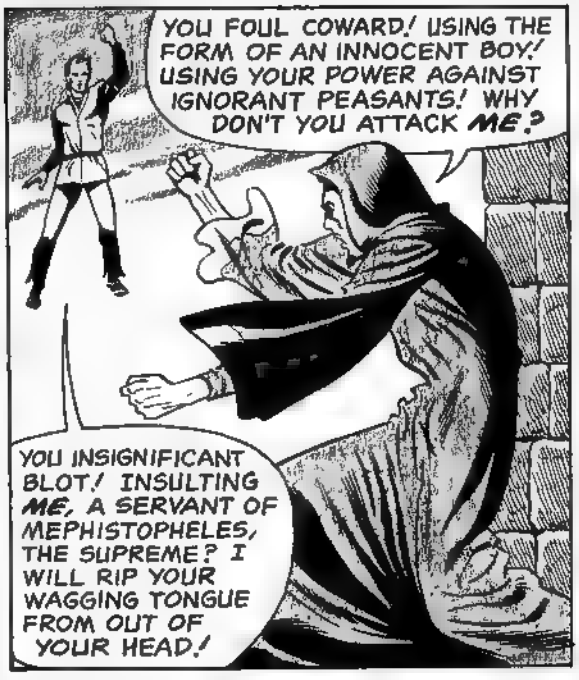
MERE *LASSOES* AND A *BLANKET*? AGAINST A *DEMON*?

TRUST ME, PADRE! YOU WILL SOON SEE!

RETURNING TO TOWN, ASTÁN AND THE PADRE RETURN TO THE SPOT WHERE THE DEMONIAC CONTINUES TO HOVER SILENTLY...

WELL, WELL! I SEE YOU BROUGHT A FRIEND, PADRE LORENZO! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW HELPLESS HE IS...

...LIKE *THIS*! HA, HA, HAAAA!!!



UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIS RAGE ANY LONGER, THE DEMONIAC DROPS DOWN AT HIS PREY, ABOUT TO MAKE A KILL WHEN SUDDENLY A BURLY YOUTH THROWS HIMSELF AT THE DEMON-LED BOY AND COVERS HIS HEAD WITH A THICK BLANKET!

BEFORE THE STARTLED MAN-DEMON CAN RETALIATE, FIVE STURDY ROPES SPRING OUT FROM THE CROWD AND SURROUND HIM, BINDING THE STIFLING BLANKET EVEN MORE TIGHTLY ABOUT HIS FORM...

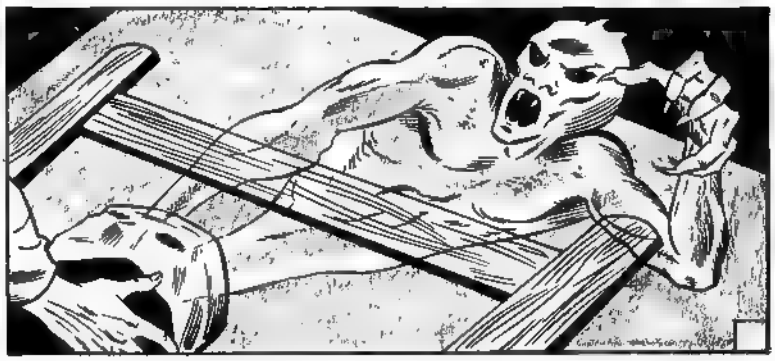
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SURPRISE ATTACK, ASTÁN LEADS THE YOUNG MEN AND THEIR CAPTIVE TO THE DESERTED ROOM, PRE-ARRANGED BY THE PADRE...

WITH A SINGLE STRONG MAN AT HIS SIDE, ASTÁN BEGINS THE HIGHLY DANGEROUS ORDEAL OF EXORCISM, THE DRIVING OF A DEMON FROM A MORTAL'S BODY! FIRST, AS HIS YOUTHFUL COMPANION PINS THE MAN-DEMON'S AGITATED FORM TO THE COT, ASTÁN BEGINS BY PLACING HIS HANDS ON THE BOY'S FEET IN AN EFFORT TO DRIVE THE DEMON UP AND OUT FROM THE YOUTH'S BODY!

BUT ASTÁN AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND HANG ON! FINALLY DRIVING THE DEMON FROM THE BOY'S BODY INTO HIS HEAD, HE PREPARES FOR THE MOST DIFFICULT PART OF HIS EXORCISM RITE: TO DRIVE THE FIEND OUT OF THE MORTAL'S BODY WITHOUT HURTING HIM!

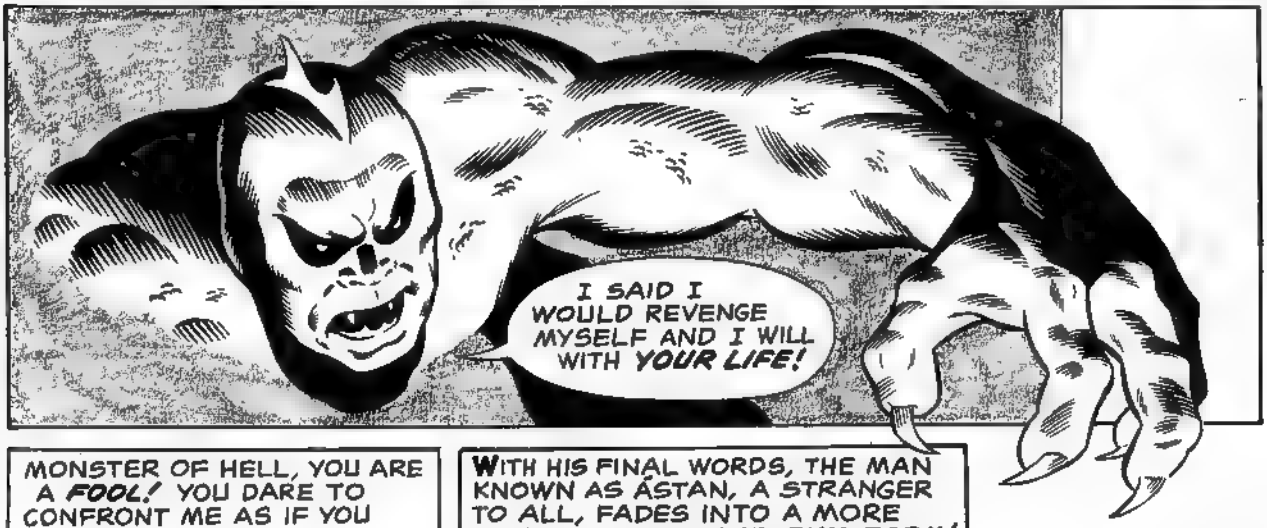
JUST AS IT SEEMS ASTÁN WILL COLLAPSE FROM THE FROM THE ORDEAL, AN EAR-PIERCING SHRIEK COMES FROM THE BOY'S MOUTH! FIRST, A PUFF OF SICKLY GREEN SMOKE, THEN IT SOLIDIFIES INTO A LOATHSOME, EVIL APPARITION! THEN, THE BOY'S BODY JERKS AND TWISTS AGAIN, EXPELLING THE DEMON FROM HIM!

THE DEMON IS FREE!!



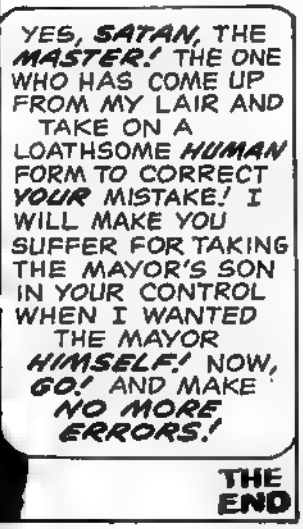
DEPRIVED OF ITS HOST-ORGANISM, THE DEMONIC MONSTROSITY IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, BUT NOT BEFORE A WARNING IS HURLED AT ASTÁN!
YOU HAVE CAUSED ME TO FAIL IN MY MASTER'S TASK! YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO BOAST OF YOUR VICTORY!

ALONE, SOMETIME LATER, AN EXHAUSTED ASTÁN IS THINKING OF HIS BATTLE WITH THE DEMON WHEN SUDDENLY...
YOUR TIME HAS COME, MORTAL! I MUST AVENGE MYSELF FOR MY MASTER!


I SAID I WOULD REVENGE MYSELF AND I WILL WITH YOUR LIFE!

MONSTER OF HELL, YOU ARE A FOOL! YOU DARE TO CONFRONT ME AS IF YOU WERE MY EQUAL! YOU POMPOUS ABOMINATION!

WITH HIS FINAL WORDS, THE MAN KNOWN AS ÁSTAN, A STRANGER TO ALL, FADES INTO A MORE FAMILIAR AND MORE EVIL FORM! WITH A FAMILIAR AND EVIL SCOWL WHICH CAN CHILL THE SOUL OF ALL, INCLUDING HIS DEMON SLAVE!
YOU'RE...YOU'RE MASTER SATAN!!!


YES, SATAN, THE MASTER! THE ONE WHO HAS COME UP FROM MY LAIR AND TAKE ON A LOATHSOME HUMAN FORM TO CORRECT YOUR MISTAKE! I WILL MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR TAKING THE MAYOR'S SON IN YOUR CONTROL WHEN I WANTED THE MAYOR HIMSELF! NOW, GO! AND MAKE NO MORE ERRORS!
THE END

 ART BY BILLY GRAHAM/STORY BY BILL WARREN

INTO THE SWAMP OF DREAD Y'BANE - THE GIRL OF POLLAT, LEADING SORIK FROM PHORGEY...
OH MIGHTY SORIK... I FEAR WE HAVE COME TOO LATE!
BEFORE THEM LAY A FEARSOME SIGHT-- THE SEARED BODY OF COHIK, Y'BANE'S PROTOFATHER...
THE BODY LAY CHARRED AS IF A TONGUE OF THE SUN LEAPED TO THE GROUND AT THIS POINT. THE ODOR WAS NOXIOUS.
WHAT MANNER OF BEAST...
SOB... SOB...
Y'BANE HAD REASON TO FEAR... CONFRONTING THEM AND ABOUT TO ATTACK WAS THE MOST DREADED EATER OF FLESH IN THE SWAMP OF DREAD-- THE KADARR!
THE KADARR BUNCHED ITS POWERFUL LIMBS AND LEAPED AT THE WAITING BLADE OF THE BARBARIAN. HE SWUNG A BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE HALVED A SORTAP TREE--BUT THE BLADE'S POWER WAS DEFLECTED BY THE SHOULDER OF THE KADARR...
SKREEAARR!
INTO THE TREE, Y'BANE!

DESTROY IT MIGHTY SORIK!
THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF THE KADAAR WAS EXPOSED. WITH A SINGLE THRUST OF HIS MIGHTY ARM, SORIK THE BARBARIAN ENDED THE STRUGGLE.
EEEYARRGGH
NEVER HAVE I SEEN A MIGHTIER MAN!
AND NOW, Y'BANE, WE SHALL RETURN TO YOUR VILLAGE!
AND SOON THEY WERE OUT OF THE SWAMP AND ON THE WAY BACK TO THE VILLAGE OF THE POLLAT. Y'BANE EXPLAINED THAT HER PROTOFATHER OFTEN WENT TO THE SWAMP FOR HEALING HERBS.
NO, IT WAS GONE WHEN I RETURNED.
... WHILE I SEARCHED FOR RELTAP ROOTS, I I HEARD THE ROAR OF A FLAME AND THE CRY OF MY PROTO-FATHER!
THEN YOU DID NOT ACTUALLY BEHOLD THIS BEAST YOURSELF.
SORIK FELT A MOMENT OF DOUBT AS HE APPROACHED THE VILLAGE OF POLLAT. DESPITE THE AID HE EXTENDED TO Y'BANE, WOULD HE RECEIVE HERE THE SAME RECEPTION HE HAD IN EVERY VILLAGE IN ALL HIS TRAVELS?
THE GIRL Y'BANE LED SORIK PAST THE TAUNTING VILLAGERS TO THE DOOR OF THE HUT THAT HAD BEEN HER PROTOFATHER'S...
YOU WILL FIND OUR LODGINGS MOST COMFORTABLE, MY WARRIOR..
BUT ANONYMITY WAS NOT FOR HIM.
PFAH! SLAYER OF WOMEN!
COWARDLY KLET!
LEAVE THE CITY OF POLLAT, COWARD!
VILE CREATURES! LEAVE HIM, MY HERO, BE! HE SLEW THE KADAAR AND SAVED ME!

BUT THE NEXT MORNING AS Y'BANE SLEPT THE DEEP SLEEP OF THE WEARY, STABIK THE WEAVER STAGGERED INTO THE VILLAGE, BEARING HIDEOUS TIDINGS!
Y'TARE MY WIFE-- SHE HAS BEEN SEARED TO DEATH BY THE BEAST OF FLAME!
UNTIL SORIK THE WANDERER ENTERED OUR LAND, NO FIRE FELL FROM THE SKY, NO MEN WERE BURNED IN THE SWAMP!
AYE! AND NOW A WOMAN LIES CHARRED LIKE FIREWOOD!
SORIK IS TO BLAME!
SORIK WAS AWAKE AS THEY APPROACHED. HE DIDN'T FEAR WHAT THEY COULD DO. NO LONGER WOULD HIS SWORD BE RAISED AGAINST HIS FELLOW MAN...
MADMEN! STOP! HE IS A MIGHTY HERO!
NO, WENCH! HE IS TO BLAME FOR THE FLAME BEAST, AND TO THE FLAME BEAST HE SHALL BE THROWN!
HIGH ON THE SWAMP CLIFFS SORIK LOOKED DOWNWARD. HE KNEW HE COULD SURVIVE THE FALL -- BUT WHAT THEN? TO BE WITHOUT A WEAPON IN THE SWAMP OF DREAD WAS TO BE A DEADMAN!
ALTHOUGH IT WOULD NOW BE DEATH FOR HER TO RETURN TO POLLAT, Y'BANE HAD TO BEHAVE AS HER HEART BID HER. AND SO TO THE FALLEN SORIK SHE THREW HIS SWORD!
DIE, WOMAN SLAYER!
NO!

SORIK COULD SCARCELY CREDIT HIS EYES--A *LOSSEK* CREATURE FROM THE MOUNTAINS HERE IN THE SWAMP! YET HERE IT WAS, AND A DEADLY DANGER, TOO!

MY SWORD! IF I CAN ONLY *REACH IT!*

SORIK MADE A MIGHTY LEAP AT HIS SWORD, WHILE THE FIERCE *LOSSEK* CHARGED...

AAARRRUU! *NOW!*

SORIK CAUGHT HIS SWORD ON THE ROLL AS THE *LOSSEK* PREPARED ITSELF FOR ITS POWERFUL LEAP.

GOT IT!

GRAAAAH!

AND AS THE FIERCE LOSSEK CAME DOWN UPON HIM, SORIK WEDGED HIS SWORD INTO THE GROUND...

AND UPON THE POINT THE LOSSEK MET ITS DOOM!

SORIK BOUND THE WOUNDS FROM HIS FALL WITH LEAVES OF THE HEALING KANE PLANT. HE WOULD NEED TO BE HALE AND HEALTHY, FOR TO LIVE, HE HAD TO PASS THROUGH THE LENGTH OF THE *SWAMP OF DREAD.*

THE MOUNTAINS OF *TULGNOD!* THEY SEEM SO DISTANT, BUT ARE SO NEAR. I SHALL BE THERE IN BUT TWO SLEEPS!

AND SO INTO THE DEATH-BOG SORIK MADE HIS WAY. AROUND HIM THE LIFE OF THE SWAMP WENT ON, BUT HE HAD EYES ONLY FOR THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS. SO INTENT WAS HE UPON THIS DISTANT GOAL THAT HE WAS *UNAWARE OF THE THING THAT FOLLOWED SO CLOSE BEHIND!*

AS SORIK WALKED, HE WAS UNAWARE THAT ABOVE HIM IN THE MIDDLE WAYS OF THE TREES, THE MONKEY FOLK, THE PALLA'TOOKA, WATCHED WITH IMPISH DELIGHT.

SO UNEXPECTED WAS THE ATTACK OF THE PALLA'TOOKA AND SO GENTLE THEIR GRASP THAT SORIK WAS ONLY SURPRISED.

THE GENTLE AND FRIENDLY WAYS OF THE PALLA'TOOKA WERE WELL KNOWN TO SORIK. HE KNEW THE COMMON LANGUAGE OF ALL THE PRIMITIVE FOLK OF THESE LANDS, AND COULD CONVERSE AS THOUGH HE WERE ONE OF THEM.

AND SO SORIK SLEPT, DREAMING OF Y'BANE, KNOWING HE WOULD NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

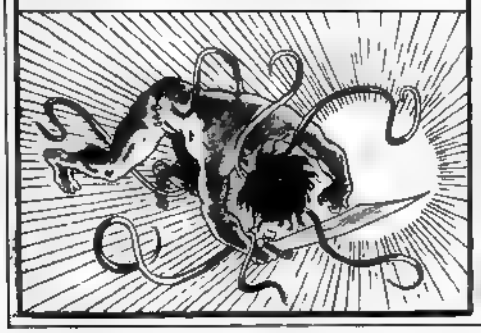
WHILE SORIK DREAMED OF LOVE, SEVERAL PELLA'TOOKA TRIFLED WITH FATE...

AND NOW SORIK WAS DRAWING NEAR THE THING THAT HAD DESTROYED HIS CHANCES FOR HAPPINESS IN THE LAND OF THE POLLAT, HAD SEPARATED HIM FOREVER FROM THE ONE WOMAN WHO FORGAVE HIM HIS CURSE! HE COULD HEAR IT CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST AHEAD...

WITHOUT WARNING... THE MOUTH-TREE STRUCK!

SORIK HEWED MIGHTILY AT THE LIMBS OF THE MOUTH-TREE, BUT THE WOOD WAS LIKE STONE. HE COULD FEEL ITS GRIP TIGHTENING UPON HIM.

AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, THE TREE RELINQUISED ITS HOLD ON THE WARRIOR.



SAVED!! BUT HOW? MY BLOWS WERE OF NO AVAIL!

...THERE... UNDER THE TREE...

WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU?

THE FLAME-BEAST! PERHAPS... BEFORE IT ONLY KILLED TO KEEP FROM BEING KILLED! PROBABLY THE CUTTING TOOL OF Y'BANE'S PROTO-FATHER LOOKED TO IT LIKE A WEAPONS! PERHAPS, IT DID NOT KILL THE WIFE OF THE VILLAGER AT ALL!

IN THE DARK WATERS, THE LONG ARMS OF THE HEART-OF-THE-SWAMP STIRRED!
TSSSS!
GRRROOOOOUU!
SORIK NOW SAW THE BEAST-THAT-BURNS WAS A MAN NOT UNLIKE HIMSELF, BUT WITH UNHEALTHY *PINK* SKIN INSTEAD OF THE NORMAL *BLUE* OF **SORIK'S SKIN** AND THE SKIN OF **ALL** THE PEOPLE OF HIS PLANET.
A MAN--BUT IN STRANGE GARB. WHERE DOES HE COME FROM?
THOUGH DYING, THE STRANGE MAN INDICATED WITHOUT WORDS THAT HE WISHED TO BE CARRIED SOUTH TO A CLEARING.
AND NOW THE STRANGE MAN WAS DEAD, AND SORIK WAS STILL UNAWARE OF WHO HE WAS OR HOW HE HAD GOTTEN THERE.
FOR SORIK WAS BUT AN IGNORANT BARBARIAN...
... AND HOW WAS AN IGNORANT BARBARIAN FROM THE STAR-SUN **ALGOL** TO KNOW THAT SOON HIS WORLD WOULD BE OVERRUN WITH STRANGE PINK-SKINNED MEN...
'SCOUT'
INTERPLANETARY EXPLORATION TEAM No. THREE
...MEN FROM THE PLANET EARTH?

EERIE FANFARE

Mike Petit, of Miami, Florida stayed home from school one day and he missed an event the rest of the class will never forget. But one of his friends told him it was like this . . .

THE HORROR OF BISCAYNE GARDENS, ROOM 25
by Mike Petit

There were about 34 kids in our class, including me, Scott Upthegrove. And I remember the horror of room 25. There was a kid named Jeff Chapman who sat in the front row. He was a real weirdo. He never talked with anyone. He just sat there, did his work and went straight home at 3:00 without ever staying for after-school activities.

One day I followed him to a real gloomy old shack. He stepped inside and locked the door behind him. I stepped up to a window and I looked inside. That was the first time I saw IT.

Jeff Chapman wasn't a boy like the rest of us. Not at all. He wore a mask to school, and he took it off when he got home. And he was a real horror!

I stood there for a few minutes watching him. I saw all I needed to see. Chapman was an alien from Mars. I knew that for sure. And I was just as sure that those Martians were planning to take over the Earth.

Next morning I told the kids at school what I had found out about Chapman. Naturally, no one believed me. So it was up to me to destroy him myself.

And that I did.

Every day for the next few weeks, I followed him everywhere. I noticed he wore a strange band around his wrist. One day, when I was sure he wouldn't be there, I went to his shack for a close look at one of those bands. It was hollow inside and filled with an odd-smelling liquid.

Working quickly, I emptied the liquid out the window and replaced it with plain water.

Later when Chapman came back, he put that thing on his wrist. And promptly exploded. That thing probably kept him alive. At least I know that I, and only I saved the world.

So he saved the world. Big deal! He saved it so strange things like this could happen . . .

THE MAN ON THE HILL
by Jeff Kadish

Near the small village of Bayona is a steep high hill. Not many people have ever seen the top of it because it is too steep to climb.

They say that long ago, every night, you could see a man standing at the top of that hill. Nobody knew who he was or where he came from and he was never there in the daylight hours. One day, a group of villagers got curious and set out to climb the hill to find out who this stranger might be.

It took hours to reach the top. When they did arrive, one of the villagers saw something and began screaming in terror. His screams frightened the intruder away. Later, they asked him to describe what he had seen.

"It must have been one of those human things from another village," he said "Our village is different from the others, you know."

It was getting late anyway, and they all had to be back in their village before sunup. Their village really was different from the others. No one who enters it ever comes out again alive.

BY THE MOON
by Peter MacKenzie

Simon was a collector of the strange and unusual. Ever since he could remember, he had accumulated gargoyles. He had gone to the farthest reaches of Europe to obtain gems for his vast collection, which exceeded 50 in number. All of them were now grim inhabitants of his vast estate.

Simon has been very pleased with his collection. Until he caught them moving about.

It was a lonely terrace or building that became occupied. It was a ghastly dwelling; a graveyard of gargoyles perched upon lofty pedestals here and there. All smiling and waiting for the night.

Or perhaps it was the courtyard. Simon never could tell for sure just where the demons would appear next.

Time and again they would move. To the far expanses of the estate. Simon had great difficulty explaining the changes to friends who noticed.

It was indeed a macabre state of affairs. Simon had always enjoyed the company of his ugly friends. Until now.

The demons had always been simply mischievous. Like children. But things were changing. Simon knew he had to be cautious.

The gargoyles were no longer content with simple howlings in the night.

No indeed. It had become a serious matter demanding immediate attention. The estate was becoming worn with their antics. The mansion itself was crumbling before the merciless batterings the demons had thrust upon it.

Simon was no longer able to ignore them. He knew what he must do.

One day, when the sun had set, Simon fetched the array of gargoyles from the far corners of his estate. He carted all of them into a common spot.

Simon heaved a sigh of relief. They would stop bothering him at last. For he had etched a huge pentagram in the hillside and had placed all 50 of his wicked friends within it.

Suddenly, the moon shown brightly in the sky. Its beams touched the gloating young man, who stood surveying his collection in the dull light.

He felt his arm becoming heavy. He looked down at it. A scream burst from his lips. He fell into a deep slumber in mid-scream. And awoke in full sunlight, crouching on a stone slab, watching as only a gargoyle can as the new owner arrived to take over the estate.

MIKE JASINSKI, of Toledo, Ohio, calls this picture, "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Not to your house, we hope, Mike.

TONY BISHOP, of Glasgow, Ky., didn't give this drawing a title. He's staff artist on his school paper, but didn't think they'd print this one. Even if it had a title.

WHO IS IN THE SHADOWS?
by Steven Teal

In a small town, now nothing but scattered rubble, stands a lonely house. It has an unmistakable aura of evil about it.

Back in the 1700's, a man named Dr. Evans owned this house. He was thought to be a demon because he seemed to have the power to travel freely through the barriers of time. Though there were hundreds of rumors about this man, some bizarre facts were indisputable. Every night screams of mortal agony came from his house. And the cackling laughter of a madman.

Then one night, an explosion was heard in the depths of the old house. No one thought much of it at the time. They were used to strange noises. And knew better than to make inquiries. Probably they should have, though, because this event was to mark their life forever. The day following the explosion, they found a notice on the village bulletin board. "For the unsuperstitious," it read, "who are not afraid to come to my castle, you are invited to a formal dinner and ball. Tonight at 6:30. (Signed) Dr. Evans."

The few who didn't want to take advantage of the Doctor's invitation were quickly talked into it. And that evening, the whole village was on hand for the party. All except Rick Saunders. Rick would have been there, but his girl, Debby Turner, didn't want to.

"Come on, Debby, why won't you go?"

"Because that place is evil. And you know it!"

"O.K. If you won't go with me, I'll just have to go alone."

"Don't do that, Rick. I want to go somewhere tonight. I guess you win!"

They walked slowly up the lonely path leading to the castle. When they got near enough, they looked into a lighted window to see how the party was going without them. But they didn't see any party at all. Just a long table with a group of little dolls piled on top.

"Look at those cute dolls, Rick," said Debby.

"Hey they're not dolls at all. It's our neighbors! But they're all just six inches tall."

"Rick, look! There's Dr. Evans. He's got Donna Upton with him."

As they watched, the Doctor took a small box from his pocket. He dropped it at Donna's feet, and the girl immediately became shrouded in a thick green fog. When the fog cleared a few minutes later, Donna had been reduced to a height of six inches. Just like the others.

Then Rick decided to do something. He ran toward the village, and returned a few minutes later with a strange-looking machine. He wheeled the machine up to the half-opened door and turned it on. The machine seemed to cast a rosy glow into the room.

Then he tossed a rock into a corner of the room to attract the doctor's attention. The trick worked. When the light hit Dr. Evans, he began to shrink as the girl had a few minutes before. But he didn't stop at six inches. He kept shrinking until nothing was left.

"I'm glad I remembered the Doctor's time machine," said Rick. "At least we don't have to worry about having him in our village any more."

"Just one thing bothers me, Rick," said Debbie. Did you send him backward or forward in time?"

POEM
by Danny Massoni

A vampire, werewolf
and ghoul,
Are these creatures really
that cool?
All the monsters are
very queery,
But best of all is
Cousin Eerie.
All the writers on the earth,
Hugo, Poe or Shelly;
Couldn't ever hope to
compare
With Cousin Eerie's belly.

A DRAGON'S TALE
by Brad Linaweaver

There was an old dragon
named Fay,
Who read Creepys and
Eeries all day.
So much did he read,
He forgot to feed.
Many maidens escaped him
this way.

GREG THEAKSTON and ARVELL JONES painted this handsome fellow. Good likeness, isn't it?

GET INVOLVED!

We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the Fanfare Page. So why not send us one? Today. Address it to:

EERIE FANFARE
22 E. 42nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

GET READY, ALL YOU INTELLECTUALS OUT THERE IN *FEAR FANDOM,* BECAUSE THIS STORY IS REALLY *DEEP!* FAILURE MEANS *DEATH!* AND *HOPE?* THERE'S ONLY *ONE* HOPE...

THE RESCUE PARTY!

CENTURIES HAD PASSED OR SO IT SEEMED, AEONS OF SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE DRIP OF CALCININE WATERS AND THE HOARSE RASPING OF HIS OWN BREATHING! FOR COMPANY HE HAD HAD THE DEAD, THE DEAD AND HIS OWN THOUGHTS... AND THEY WERE NOW UPON THE ***BRINK OF MADNESS!***

BURIED *ALIVE*... UNDER HALF A MILE OF *ROCK!* THEY'LL *NEVER* REACH ME! *NEVER!* AND IF THEY DO, IT'LL BE *TOO LATE*... TOO LATE... *SOB!!*

 ART BY JACK SPARLING/STORY BY BUDDY SAUNDERS

BUT WHEN VERLIN DAYKE RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS, THE NIGHTMARE WAS STILL WITH HIM-- A TERRIBLE BLACKNESS PRESSING IN FROM ALL SIDES, THREATENING AT ANY MOMENT TO SMOTHER HIS ONLY REMAINING LAMP...
WHA??...WHERE AM...?
NOOOOOOOOO
A TINY PART OF VERLIN DAYKE'S MIND FELT THE MADNESS COMING...AND FOUGHT BACK!
GOTTA GET HOLD... GET MY MIND OFF THIS PLACE BEFORE I GO NUTS!
VERLIN DAYKE'S MIND RETREATED INTO THE PAST, BACK TO A TIME WHEN LIGHT AND AIR WERE HIS, BUT FATE WOULD NOT HIM FULLY FORGET...
I KNOW, VERLIN! YOU'RE THE OWNER AND I'M JUST A MINE FOREMAN, BUT...
BUT NOTHING, ARCHIE! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT'D COST TO PUT IN THAT SAFETY EQUIPMENT?!
SURE, A LOT, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MEN? THEY'VE GOT A...
A CHOICE, ARCHIE, A CHOICE! THEY DON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR ME! AND, ANYWAY, MINING'S ALWAYS BEEN A RISKY BUSINESS!

COAL MINING IS A RISKY BUSINESS? WORKING FOR VERLIN DAYKE WAS MORE THAN RISKY...

CAVE-IN, BOSS! NO. 8 HOLE! THREE, MAYBE FOUR MEN BURIED!

COME ON, ARCHIE! WE'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE... SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE!

BUT AT NO. 8 HOLE THINGS LOOKED BAD FOR THE FOUR BURIED MEN, VERY BAD...

THEY'RE REALLY DOWN DEEP, VERLIN!

AND PROBABLY DEAD AS DOORNAILS!

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, VERLIN DAYKE SET THE WHEELS OF RESCUE TURNING...

YES SIR, I'M GONNA GET THOSE BOYS OUT IF THERE'S ANY POSSIBLE WAY!

DEAD! THEY GOTTA BE!

THUS, A FEW DAYS LATER...

NO HOPE, BOYS! WE GOTTA CALL IT OFF... THERE'S A GAS SEEP! TOO MUCH DANGER OF MORE MEN BEING KILLED...

AND MONEY BEING WASTED!

SEVERAL YEARS SLIPPED BY! THE DAYKE MINING CO. WEATHERED EACH NEW DISASTER, LARGE AND SMALL, LOSING MEN, BUT VERY LITTLE MONEY! NATURALLY, VERLIN DAYKE WAS PLEASED!

BUY YOUR OLD LADY A NEW HAT, ARCHIE! I'M GIVING YOU A RAISE!

NO, VERLIN, I DON'T THINK SO!

HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN I'M QUITTING! I'M FED UP! GET YOURSELF ANOTHER GRAVEDIGGER!

ARCHIE HAD BEEN A GOOD WORKER, A FINE FOREMAN! VERLIN DAYKE DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE HIM, ***BUT...***

OKAY, ARCHIE! YOU ALWAYS WERE ***TOO SOFT*** FOR THIS BUSINESS! BUT AT LEAST STAY 'TIL I GET ***ANOTHER MAN!***

SURE, VERLIN ... UNTIL YOU GET ***ANOTHER MAN!***

BUT AS THINGS TURNED OUT, ARCHIE WAS TO STAY A LONG TIME... ***A LONG, LONG TIME!***

ANOTHER CAVE-IN!!

MINUTES LATER, VERLIN DAYKE'S CAR WHEELED TO A STOP AMID PLUMES OF BLACK COAL DUST...

HEY, ***HATCHER? WHERE'S ARCHIE?***

BURIED WITH THE OTHERS, MR. DAYKE!

OKEY GET THE CREWS READY! MAYBE WE CAN GET TO THEM BY SINKING A PARALLEL SHAFT!

POOR ARCHIE! ALWAYS HAD ***ROTTEN LUCK!***

ARCHIE AND THREE OTHERS WERE BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF A ***HALF-MILE-DEEP SHAFT!*** WHILE TEARFUL FAMILIES WAITED, THE ALTERNATE SHAFT FELL FOOT BY SLOW FOOT...

GO HOME LADIES! GET SOME SLEEP! WE'RE DOING ***EVERYTHING*** WE CAN!

AND TO VERLIN DAYKE'S CREDIT, HE DID DO ALMOST ALL HE COULD HAVE DONE, BUT...

GASP! MR. DAYKE... THE SHAFT'S ***FLOODING!*** ALMOST DROWNED US ***ALL!***

THAT DOES IT! EVEN IF WE COULD SINK ANOTHER SHAFT, THEY'D ***STARVE*** BEFORE WE COULD REACH THEM!

NO. 12 SHAFT, UNPRODUCTIVE FROM THE START, WAS CLOSED, PERMANENTLY...
THAT'LL HAVE TO BE YOUR GRAVE, ARCHIE! I WON'T PAY OUT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO DIG A MAN UP JUST TO BURY HIM AGAIN!

A SOUND, A SINGLE SOUND, WRENCHED VERLIN DAYKE'S MIND BACK TO THE PRESENT...
FALLING ROCKS, OR... OR...
CLICKITIC CATK

BUT THE SOUND CAME AGAIN, VERY FAINT, BUT DISTINCT...
I HEAR YOU! OH GOD, I HEAR YOU! I'M ALIVE! ALIVE, DO YOU HEAR!
THUN... TUNK... CHUK

BUT THEN THE SOUND THAT HAD BEEN LIKE DIGGING WAS GONE AND ONLY THE VACUUM OF SILENCE REMAINED...
NO... YOU FOOLS (GASP) ...I'M HERE! KEEP DIGGING $%**@#"* YOU, KEEP DIGGING!

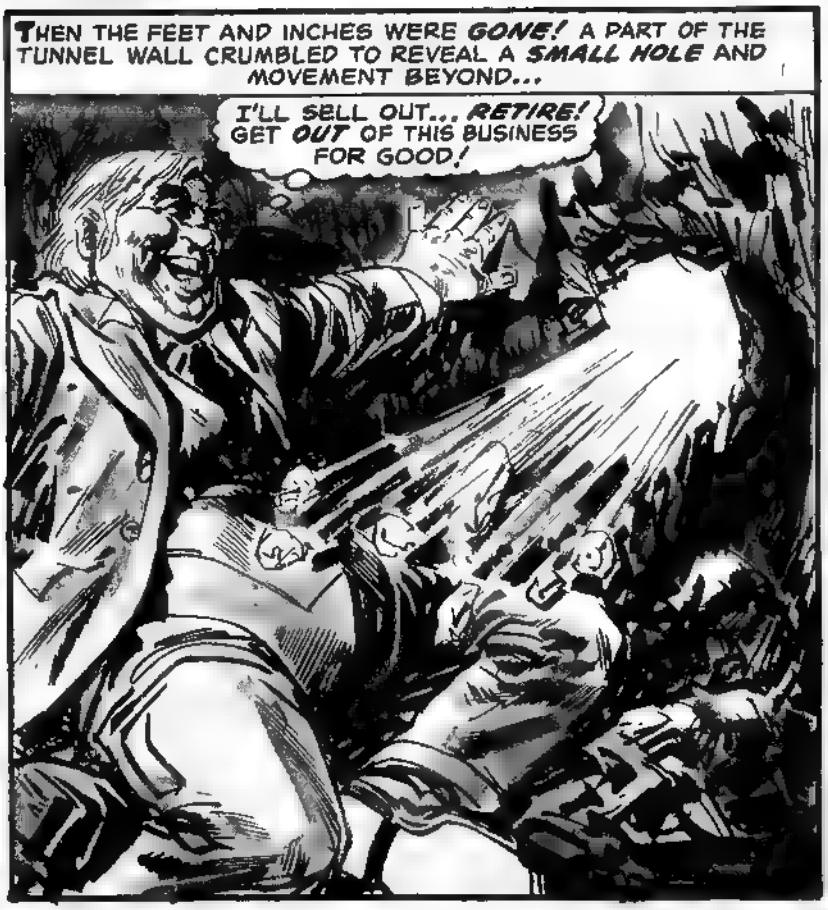
AGAIN MEMORIES FLOODED BACK, BUT THIS TIME ONLY AS TERRIBLE REMINDERS...
EARTH TREMOR!
THE SHORING... BUCKLING... FOLDING IN ON US!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! NOT TO ME!

BUT IT WAS HAPPENING AND VERLIN DAYKE, WHO HAD COME DOWN NO. 11 SHAFT TO INSPECT THE NEW VENTING SYSTEM, FOUND HIMSELF TRAPPED LIKE ANY COMMON LABORER AND...
...ALONE! I'M ALL ALONE! THE OTHERS ARE DEAD... EVERY ONE!

AND SO TWO WEEKS HAD PASSED, WITH PLENTY OF AIR AND LITTLE FOOD, BUT...
NO HOPE! I'M TOO DEEP! IT'LL TAKE WEEKS TO REACH MY! BY THEN, I'LL BE DEAD OF STARVATION!

AGAIN MEMORIES WERE SHATTERED BY A NOISE, THE SAME DAYKE HAD HEARD BEFORE...
DIGGING SOUNDS... MUST BE! SOMEHOW THEY'RE GETTING DOWN THROUGH HUNDREDS OF FEET OF ROCK!

LONG HOURS PASSED! THE SOUNDS GREW NEARER, SHARPER, LOUDER...
THEY'RE JUST A FEW FEET AWAY NOW... JUST A FEW CRUMMY FEET!


THEN THE FEET AND INCHES WERE GONE! A PART OF THE TUNNEL WALL CRUMBLED TO REVEAL A SMALL HOLE AND MOVEMENT BEYOND...
I'LL SELL OUT... RETIRE! GET OUT OF THIS BUSINESS FOR GOOD!

DAYKE OPENED HIS MOUTH TO SHOUT A GREETING, BUT...
THANK HEAVEN YOU... CHOKE!!

LIKE GROTESQUE CARICATURES OF THE MEN THEY HAD ONCE BEEN, THE RESCUE PARTY CLIMBED INTO DAYKE'S PART OF THE TUNNEL...
ARCHIE, IT'S NOT YOU... YOU'RE DEAD! AND SIMMONS, AND FOSTER, AND...

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! IT WASN'T MY FAULT YOU DIED...

I DID EVERYTHING I COULD! I TRIED TO DIG YOU OUT (SOB!)... I REALLY DID!

LOOKS LIKE THOSE BOYS REALLY HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH THEIR OLD BOSS! NO WONDER MR. DAYKE DOESN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY WITH THE RESCUE! BET HE WON'T ENJOY THE PARTY, EITHER!

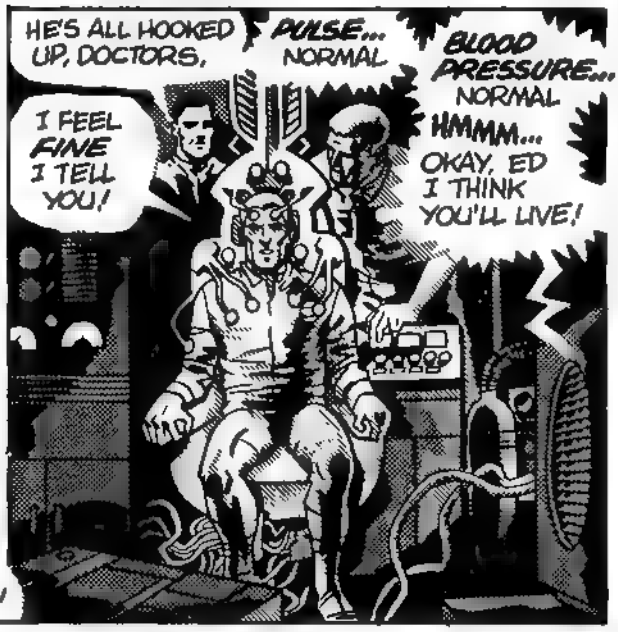
ART BY TOM SUTTON/STORY BY R. MICHAEL ROSEN

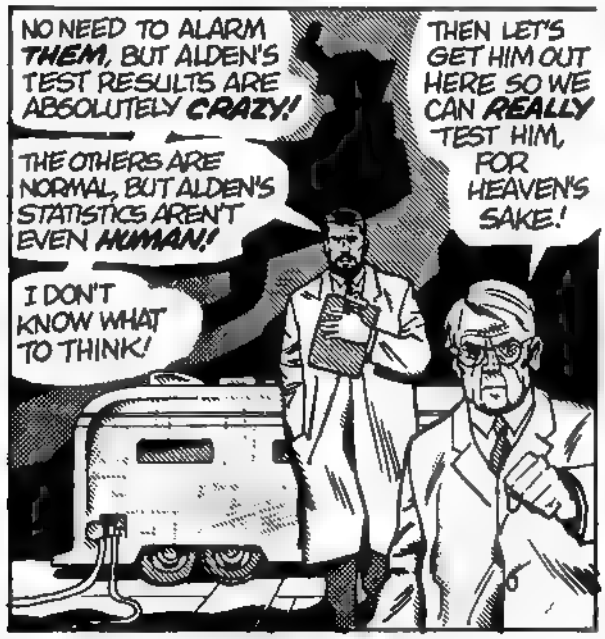
ROGER, HOUSTON...
I'M GATHERING THE SURFACE SAMPLES NOW!
I'M GOING TO TRY THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP.
SEEMS TO BE A DIFFERENT ROCK CONFIGURATION THERE!
... AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE CONTINUE LIVE COVERAGE FROM THE MOON! ASTRONAUT ALDEN IS OUT OF YOUR PICTURE NOW, GATHERING SAMPLES BEHIND THE SHIP...
COME IN, ED... I'VE LOST SIGHT OF YOU! ED! ANSWER!
ROGER, NORM! I CAN HEAR YOU, GOT DISTRACTED FOR A MOMENT!
VERY ODD ROCK BACK HERE, NORM, SMOOTH, ALMOST LIKE AN EGG!
IT'S ACTUALLY QUITE LIGHT AND — OOOPS!!
NORM! GET OVER HERE QUICK! YOU'VE GOTTA SEE THIS FOR YOURSELF!
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT, BUT THIS ROCK IS ACTUALLY—
EEAAGH!
ED! ED! WHAT IS IT?!!
I'M COMING— HANG ON HOUSTON!

CALLING ASTRONAUT MITCH CULLEN ABOARD COLUMBIA... WE SHOULD BE DOCKING UP WITH YOU IN A FEW MINUTES...
FOR TELEMETRY STATION FIX
SYSTEMS FOUR BY FOUR...
GOOD GOD! HE'S MOVING! HE'S ALIVE! ED'S ALIVE!
ROGER HOUST WE H ANC
ALIVE! AFTER BEING EXPOSED TO THE MOON'S FREEZING ENVIRONMENT? IMPOSSIBLE!
... JUST A LITTLE CLOSER... ONE ZERO NINER...
WE HAVE VOICE NOW...
INCREDIBLE! HE IS ALIVE! THE MEDICS WILL BE A LONG TIME FIGURING THAT OUT!
BETTER LET HOUSTON IN ON THIS!
CHECK COLUMBIA IVE ARE READING
RIGHT!
LET'S MAKE TRACKS FOR MOTHER EARTH!
SWITCHING TO AUTOMATIC
... APOLLO CREW SHOULD MAKE RE-ENTRY AND MINUTE NOW! AS YET UNEXPLAINED IS ASTRONAUT ALDEN'S SURVIVAL AFTER BEING EXPOSED TO THE MOON'S SURFACE!
ROGER HOUSTON! ... UH ... WE CAN CONFIRM CHUTE OPENING. A OK!
KENNEDY INSTRUMENTATION CHECKS AND VERIFIES...
UUNNGH!
OOHH!
NORM... WHAT HAPPENED?
EASY, ED! YOU'VE HAD A BAD TIME!
BE SAFE IN HOUSTON IN NO TIME!
WHAAROOMM!

TOO BAD WE HAVE TO QUARANTINE THEM... ESPECIALLY ALDEN!
YOU KNOW WE HAVE TO KEEP THEM ISOLATED!
SOMETHING ABOUT A PHYSICAL EXAM MACHINERY JUST CAN'T MATCH, FOR ALL ITS SOPHISTICATION!
CAN'T RISK LETTING ANY MOON GERMS LOOSE ON EARTH!

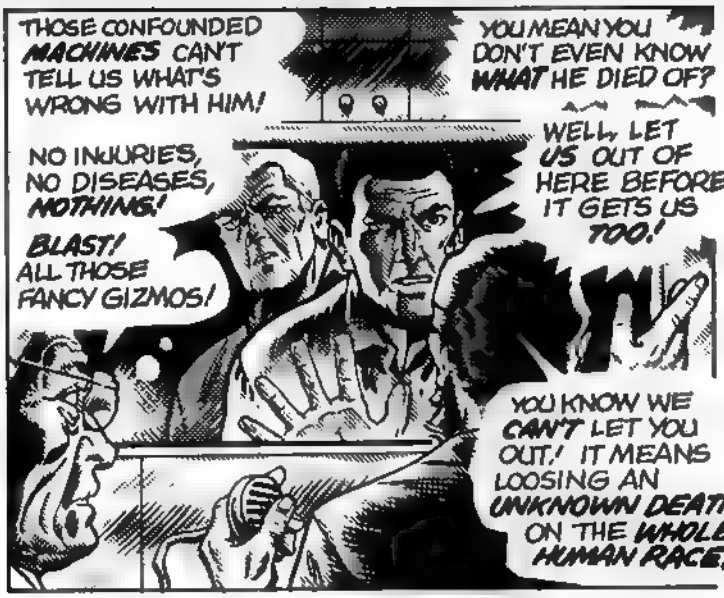
HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY MR. ALDEN?
PLEASE HOOK UP TO THE MEDICAL TELEMETRIC UNITS.
WE'D LIKE TO RUN ANOTHER ROUTINE EXAM.
AGAIN? HONEST, I FEEL JUST FINE, DOC!
JUST LET ME GET HIM OUT HERE! IF I COULD JUST GET A GOOD OLD FASHIONED STETHOSCOPE ON HIM, I'D FIND OUT HOW HE IS!


HE'S ALL HOOKED UP, DOCTORS.
PULSE... NORMAL
BLOOD PRESSURE... NORMAL
HMMM... OKAY, ED I THINK YOU'LL LIVE!
I FEEL FINE I TELL YOU!


NO NEED TO ALARM THEM, BUT ALDEN'S TEST RESULTS ARE ABSOLUTELY CRAZY!
THE OTHERS ARE NORMAL, BUT ALDEN'S STATISTICS AREN'T EVEN HUMAN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK!
THEN LET'S GET HIM OUT HERE SO WE CAN REALLY TEST HIM, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

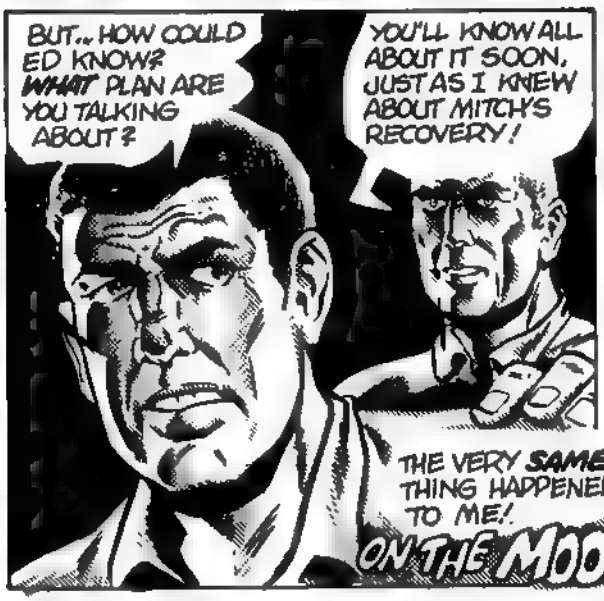
PRECISELY WHY WE MUST KEEP HIM ISOLATED!
IF HE'S PICKED UP SOME ALIEN DISEASE WE CAN'T LET IT SPREAD OVER AN UNPROTECTED EARTH!

NEXT MORNING...
ED! ED! IT'S MITCH!
HE'S DEAD!
QUICK! CALL DOCTOR GILES AND DOCTOR HAWN!


THOSE CONFOUNDED MACHINES CAN'T TELL US WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM!
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE DIED OF?
NO INJURIES, NO DISEASES, NOTHING!
WELL, LET US OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT GETS US TOO!
BLAST! ALL THOSE FANCY GIZMOS!
YOU KNOW WE CAN'T LET YOU OUT! IT MEANS LOOSING AN UNKNOWN DEATH ON THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE!

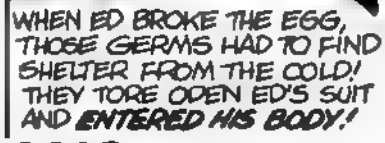
THAT NIGHT...
THIS WAITING GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
WE CAN'T EVEN REMOVE MITCH'S BODY! IT JUST LAYS THERE...
HE MOVED!
OH M'GOD! I SAW HIM MOVE!

IT'S TRUE! YOU'RE ALIVE! CAN'T BE POSSIBLE!
ED! WAKE UP!
YOU NEED NOT DISTURB HIM! ALL IS WELL! HE KNOWS OF MY, ER... RECOVERY!
WE PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN!


BUT... HOW COULD ED KNOW? WHAT PLAN ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT SOON, JUST AS I KNEW ABOUT MITCH'S RECOVERY!
THE VERY SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME! ON THE MOON!

YOU... YOU MEAN WHEN WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD?
NOT "THOUGHT" NORM. I WAS DEAD!
YOU SAID YOURSELF NO MAN COULD A TORN SPACE SUIT ON THE MOON!
WELL I DIDN'T SURVIVE!
THE SAME GOES FOR ME!

IT IS OUR PASSENGERS WHO LIVE ON!
THAT EGG-SHAPED ROCK I FOUND ON THE MOON WAS AN EGG, FILLED WITH GERMS!

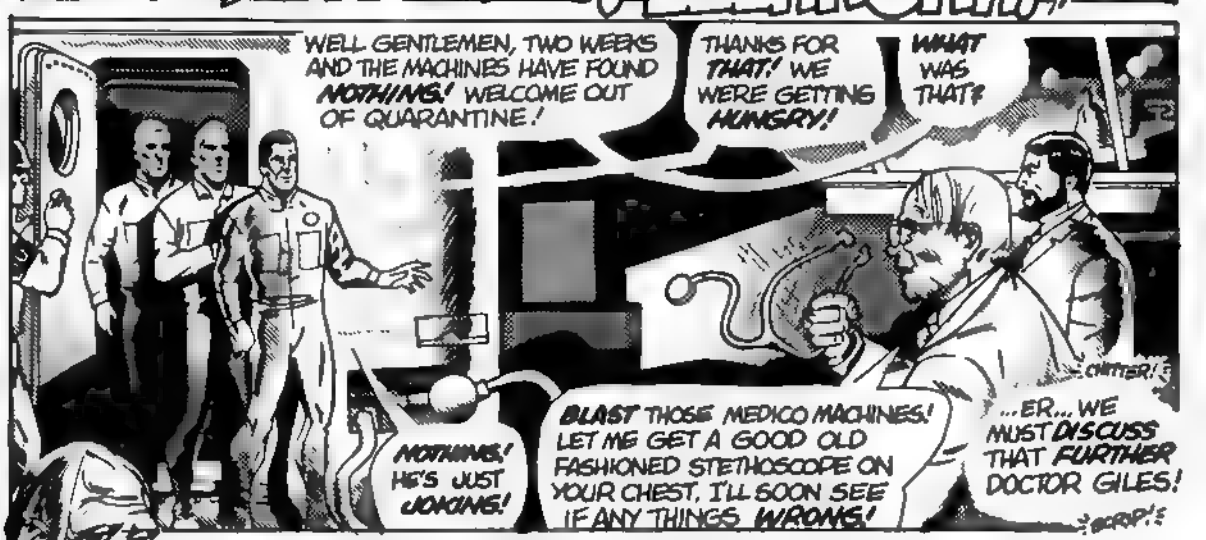

WHEN ED BROKE THE EGG, THOSE GERMS HAD TO FIND SHELTER FROM THE COLD! THEY TORE OPEN ED'S SUIT AND ENTERED HIS BODY!

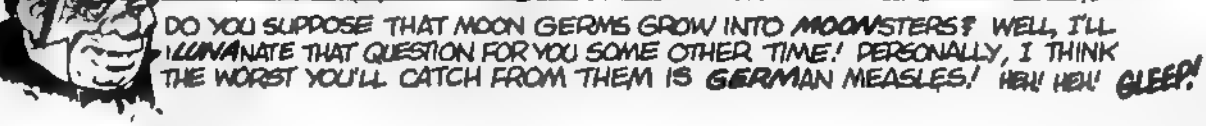
ONCE INSIDE, ED, AS YOU KNEW HIM, DIED!
THE GERMS NEEDED HIS BODY FOR NOURISHMENT!
WHILE THEY LEARNED HOW TO CONTROL HIS BODY, ED APPEARED DEAD!
IT HAPPENED A LOT FASTER WITH ME!
UNBELIEVABLE! I'VE GOT TO TELL GILES AND HAWN!
THAT WILL NOT BE PERMITTED! THE GERMS WILL BE NEEDING YOU! FOR FOOD!

WATCH! YOU ARE THE FIRST HUMAN TO WITNESS AN INTERPLANETARY MIRACLE!
GOOD LORD!

SEE? HE'S OPENING HIS CONTAINER!
SO THAT HIS PRECIOUS CARGO CAN GET OUT!
CHOKE! GASP!
ECH! RETCH!

MEET YOUR NEW GUESTS!!
CHITTER!
SKITTER-SKIT!
NNNNO! EEEARGHH!


WELL GENTLEMEN, TWO WEEKS AND THE MACHINES HAVE FOUND NOTHING! WELCOME OUT OF QUARANTINE!
THANKS FOR THAT! WE WERE GETTING HUNGRY!
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING! HE'S JUST JOKING!
BLAST THOSE MEDICO MACHINES! LET ME GET A GOOD OLD FASHIONED STETHOSCOPE ON YOUR CHEST, I'LL SOON SEE IF ANY THINGS WRONG!
...ER... WE MUST DISCUSS THAT FURTHER DOCTOR GILES!
CHITTER!
GRRP!


DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT MOON GERMS GROW INTO MOONSTERS? WELL, I'LL LUNAATE THAT QUESTION FOR YOU SOME OTHER TIME! PERSONALLY, I THINK THE WORST YOU'LL CATCH FROM THEM IS GERMAN MEASLES! HEH! HEH! GLEEP!

READY FOR ME TO DISH UP A TRUE CHILLER, FELLOW FRIGHTS? THEN THIS TALE OF THE CHOSEN FROZEN SHOULD WHET YOUR APPETITES, ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'LL FINISH IT OFF WITH A BIG HELPING OF...

ICE SCREAM

ART BY BILL WRIGHT/COPY BY G. MICHAEL ROSKER

JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! I'LL HAVE TO REPORT IT TO THE DIRECTOR!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO DO THAT!! AFTER ALL THE PRECAUTIONS HE ORDERED SINCE THE LAST ONE!!
UH... WHAT HAPPENED? SOMETHIN' GOIN' ON, DOC?
NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU, WILLY! GO ON WITH YOUR CLEANING!!
I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SEND YOU BURSTING IN LIKE THIS, DR. JAMES!
IT IS, SIR! ANOTHER CRYOGENIC PATIENT HAS VANISHED!
THE FIFTH IN TWO MONTHS! DESPITE ALL OUR SECURITY PRECAUTIONS... AND THE POLICE CAN'T TURN UP A CLUE!
I SUPPOSE THIS MEANS ANOTHER PRESS CONFERENCE!
I'LL HANDLE IT, SIR! BETTER THEY HEAR IT FROM US! THAN FIND OUT ON THEIR OWN!
AND IS THIS MURDER... OR KIDNAPPING... OR JUST OLD-FASHIONED BODYSNATCHING?
WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW IS, HOW THOSE STIFFS GET SMUGGLED OUT? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HOSPITAL SECURITY?!
GENTLEMEN! I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN!

BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON... AND NEITHER DO THE POLICE!
AS TO THE NATURE OF THE CRIME, YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT CRYOGENICS ARE ABOUT! WE'RE ALL AWARE CERTAIN DISEASES ARE NOW INCURABLE... ADVANCED CANCER, FOR INSTANCE!!
THAT WON'T ALWAYS BE SO! AT SOME FUTURE TIME A CURE MAY BE FOUND... SO THE SCIENCE OF CRYOGENICS FREEZES A PATIENT UNTIL THE TIME WHEN THEY MAY BE THAWED AND TREATED FOR THEIR NOW FATAL DISEASE!
AS FOR THE KIND OF CRIME THEFTS OF FROZEN PATIENTS ARE...
THAT'S FOR A COURT TO DECIDE, NOT A DOCTOR!
HEY, YOU CAN'T LEAVE, NOW! WHAT'LL WE TELL OUR READERS?!
WHAT DO YOU THINK THE PUBLIC WILL SAY ABOUT YOU GHOULS AND ICE-BOX CREEPS, NOW!?
ROUGH, DARLING?
MMM... VERY! BUT DON'T WORRY! MY PROMOTION IS DUE IN A FEW MORE WEEKS... WITH THE PAY RAISE WE CAN BE MARRIED, AND BE TOGETHER!!
THE PRESS CONFERENCE MAY BE OVER, DR. JAMES! BUT THIS MESS ISN'T! I WENT OUT ON A LIMB TO GET FUNDS FOR A CRYOGENICS UNIT AT YOUR URGING! SO SETTLING THIS THING IS UP TO YOU!
DR. JAMES! REPORT TO THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE!
BLAST IT! CAN'T COLLINS WAIT A FEW...
RUN ON NOW, DARLING, AND WHEN YOU'RE PROMOTED WE'LL TELL THEM ALL WHERE TO GET OFF!!
THAT'S NOT FAIR! HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO HANDLE WHAT THE POLICE CAN'T? WE'VE CHECKED SECURITY, EXAMINED THE RECORDS OF EVERYONE WHO WORKS ON THE FLOOR SO HOW--- ??

NONE THE LESS, LATE ONE NIGHT A SKULKING FIGURE EASES FURTIVELY INTO THE CRYOGENIC STORAGE ROOM!!
THE GHOULISH CALLER NOISELESSLY OPENS ONE OF THE DRAWERS AND LAYS EAGER HANDS ON IT'S HUMAN CONTENTS!
...THEN PLACES THE UNSUSPECTING FROZEN ONE INTO A MYSTERIOUS CYLINDER AND LEAVES THE ROOM AS SILENTLY AS HE CAME!!
NO ONE NOTICES THE CYLINDER BEING ROLLED OUT OF THE HOSPITAL... NO ONE NOTICES ANYTHING! UNTIL THE NEXT DAY!
The Paraglide
FIFTH BODY STOLEN
PATIENT'S HOPE FOR FUTURE CURE LOST
GINNY, THERE WAS NO ONE ON THE FLOOR LAST NIGHT WHO WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THERE... I CAN'T FIGURE IT! I KEEP THINKING OF THOSE PEOPLE! MY PATIENTS! HOPING TO BE CURED 20 YEARS FROM NOW!
YOU MUSTN'T BLAME YOURSELF! YOU DID...
DR. JAMES! DR. JAMES! REPORT TO THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE!
THEY'RE PLAYING MY AND WITH ALL THE THREATS COLLINS HAS MADE ABOUT MY PROMOTION, IT'S PROBABLY MY SWAN SONG!

AND I'LL STAND FOR NO INSUBORDINATION, JAMES! THESE DISAPPEARANCES WILL BE SOLVED WITHIN A MONTH, OR I CLOSE DOWN THE CRYOGENICS UNIT... AND CANCEL YOUR PROMOTION!!
NOW GET OUT!!
THAT'S THE WAY TO HANDLE IT... PUT THE RESPONSIBILITY ON SOMEONE ELSE! MAKE SURE I DON'T GET THE BLAME, BUT GRAB CREDIT IF WE'RE SUCCESSFUL!
THAT'S HOW I GOT THIS JOB AND THAT'S HOW I'M GOING TO KEEP IT!!
I'LL GET JAMES IN HERE EVERYDAY FOR A GOOD DRESSING DOWN...
EVERYONE'LL START THINKING HE'S TO BLAME FOR THE BODY THEFTS AND I'LL BE OFF THE HOOK!!
WOW! WHAT A ROASTING!! COLLINS THINKS I'M AT FAULT... SAYS IF I DON'T CATCH THE BODYSNATCHERS, NO PROMOTION!
BUT THAT'S NOT RIGHT! HE CAN'T DO THAT!!
MORE TROUBLE, DOC?
NOTHING TO CONCERN YOU, WILLY!
COLLINS IS THE DIRECTOR, HONEY... IF HE WANTS TO, HE CAN!
EACH DAY DOCTOR MITCHELL JAMES ENDURES ANOTHER UNDESERVED DRESSING DOWN!
IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, JAMES!
YOU'RE HEAD OF CRYOGENICS...!
NO PROMOTION!
I CAN'T PROTECT YOU ANYMORE!
DO SOMETHIN!

GOOD LUCK, DOC! THAT OLD SO-AND-SO'S GOT NO RIGHT BLAMING YOU!
HUH? OH, IT'S YOU, WILLY!! THANKS A LOT!
DON'T SIT DOWN, JAMES... YOU WON'T BE HERE THAT LONG! NOT AFTER LAST NIGHT!
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE INCOMPETENT! NOW IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU AND YOUR PROMOTION DEFERRED AND...
AAARRGGGH! MY HEAD... MY HEAD! THE PAIN!!
COLLINS! HANG ON! I'LL CALL FOR A STRETCHER AND GET YOU DOWN TO EMERGENCY!!
ALL RIGHT, SO I'VE GOT A BLOOD CLOT ON MY BRAIN! DON'T STAND THERE OOGLING... GET ME TO SURGERY...
SIR! IT'S NOT ALL THAT SIMPLE! THE CLOT IS IN A HIGHLY SENSETIVE AREA... PRESENT SURGICAL TECHNIQUES DON'T PERMIT ANY SUCH OPERATION!
PERHAPS IN FIVE OR TEN YEARS...
FIVE OR TEN YEARS? BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR ME NOW?!
THERE'S ONE ANSWER... CRYOGENICS!! YOU'RE FROZEN NOW, WHEN THE SURGICAL PROCEEDURE IS DEVELOPED, YOU CAN BE THAWED AND SAVED!!
WE'LL NEED THE PERMISSION OF YOUR NEXT OF KIN!!
THERE IS NO NEXT OF KIN! JUST LET ME SIGN... ANYTHING TO SAVE ME... EVEN BEING FROZEN BY A UNIT I MEANT TO ELIMINATE, BY A DOCTOR I BLAMED FOR IT'S TROUBLE!
B-BUT PROMISE YOU WON'T LET THAT GHOUL GET ME... DON'T LET MY BODY BE STOLEN... PROMISE ME, JAMES... PROMISE ME!!

SO THE UNPLEASANT MR. COLLINS IS GIVEN THE DEEP, DEEP FREEZE... PRESERVED FOR A BETTER DAY WHEN SURGERY WILL SOLVE HIS PROBLEM!

SO MUCH FOR THE DIRECTOR! IT'S A TERRIBLE THOUGHT, BUT AT LEAST NOW I'LL GET THAT PROMOTION I DESERVE, AND BE ABLE TO MARRY GINNY!

NEVER-THE-LESS, THAT NIGHT A CERTAIN SOMEONE *VISITS* DR. COLLINS...TRANSFERRING HIS BODY TO THAT MYSTERIOUS CYLINDER!!

AND SOON IS WHEELING IT PAST UNSUSPECTING GUARDS! AFTER ALL, HOW SUSPICIOUS CAN A *TRASH CAN* BE!?

HERE'S THE SURGEON OF THE SLOP PILE NOW!! HA! HA!

HO! HO! GET THAT GARBAGE OUTTA' HERE! WHAT A *STENCH!!*

THEN PUTS IT IN A PANEL TRUCK AND DRIVES HOME TO THE *CEMETARY* WHERE HIS FAMILY WAITS! A FAMILY OF *GHOULS!* TRUE GHOULS!!

...THUS DOES *WILLY* THE JANITOR PROVIDE FOR HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN!

I'M HOME! AND *DINNER'S* READY!!

WELCOME YOUR FATHER, CHILDREN!

AW! WHO *CARES!*

YEAH! ANOTHER LOUSY *FROZEN DINNER!*

THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU... AFTER THEIR FATHER RISKS *FROSTBITE!* SHOWS HOW SPOILED KIDS ARE TOO... LIKE *YOU,* SON! AS IF *THIS* WASN'T ENOUGH I'VE GOT *ANOTHER* TASTY MORSEL LINED UP FOR *YOU...*

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ART BY DICK PISCOPO/STORY BY AL HEWETSON

EVER WONDER JUST WHAT THOUGHTS RUN THROUGH A FIGHTER'S MIND WHEN THERE'S A HIGH HAND BEING DEALT? IT'S JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE... DOING ANYTHING ELSE, OUT THERE TO WIN! THE ONLY THING BOTHERING BERT IS SOMETHING HE CAN'T EXPLAIN... SOMETHING HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HIMSELF! BUT *WE* SURE WILL... IN JUST A FEW MINUTES... WHEN THE BELL RINGS FOR ROUND THREE!

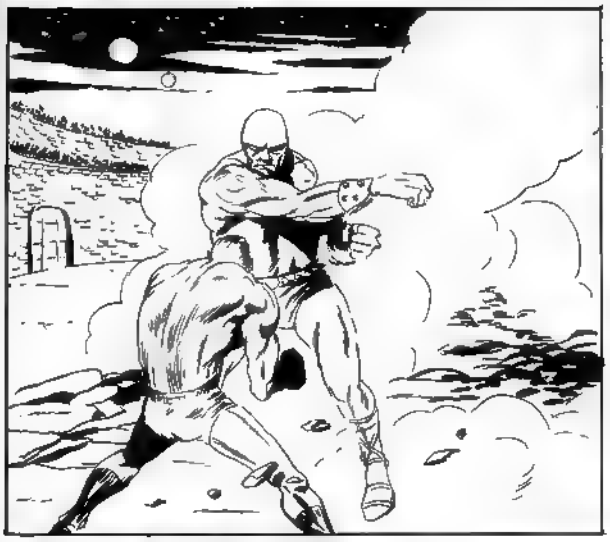
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS...

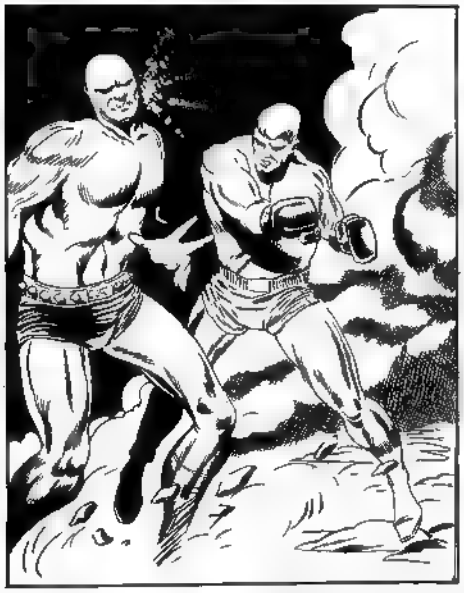
FIGHT!
FIGHT, BERT MEREDITH, *FIGHT!*

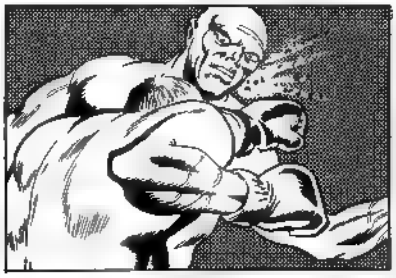
THE FIGHT IS STILL ON... YOUR *OPPONENT* IN *KRAUS XLOWR*... OF *GALACT 8*... *HE*... IS THE *CHAMPION*... *YOU*... THE CHALLENGER!

YOU MUST *FIGHT* HIM, *CONTENDER*... YOU *MUST*... AND SHOULD YOU *LOSE*... IT MEANS... *DEATH!*

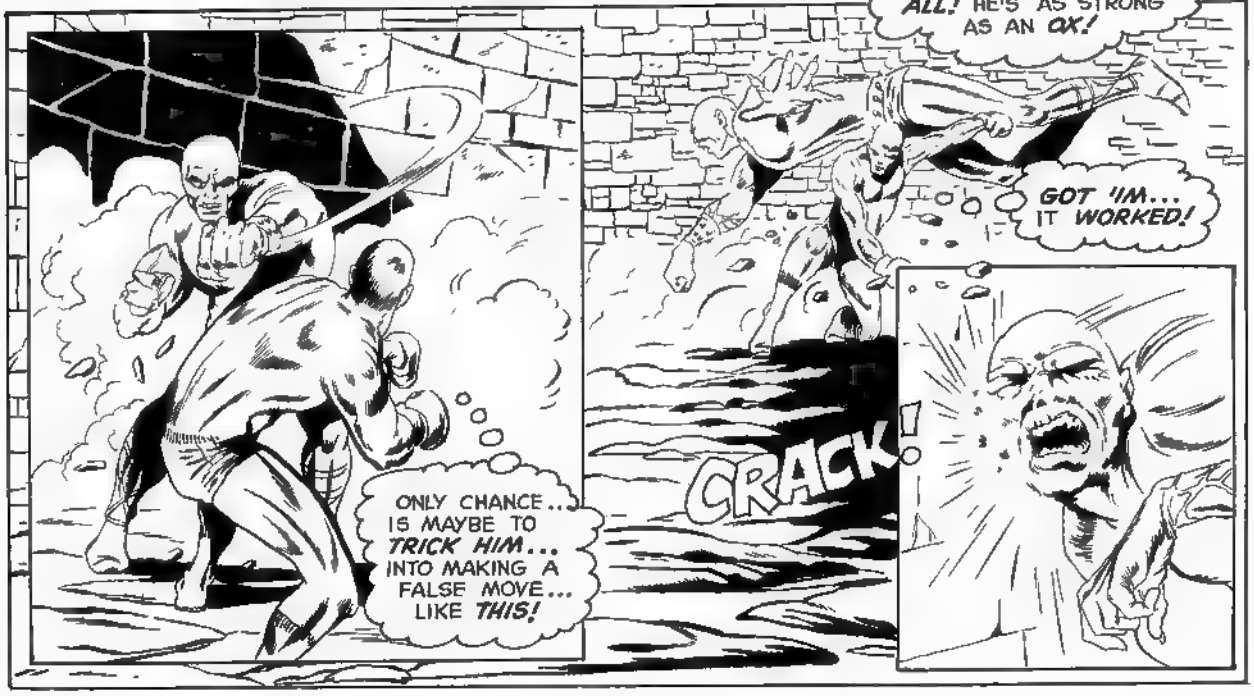
...THIS MUST BE A DREAM... IT MUST... IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING... I...
...AND IF YOU WIN... A WORLD SHALL BE AT YOUR FEET! NOW... FIGHT!
WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT? I'VE BEEN OUTCLASSED BEFORE BUT THIS... THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
POOR BERT...HE IS CERTAINLY OUTCLASSED, BUT HE HAS COURAGE THROUGH THAT FACADE OF SARCASM...AND MAYBE...JUST MAYBE...THAT PECULIAR STRENGTH OF MIND WILL STAND HIM A CHANCE AT LEAST...
BONG!
...NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT GUY MEANT... IF THAT HAD CONNECTED I'D HAVE HAD IT!
MUST KEEP DODGING!







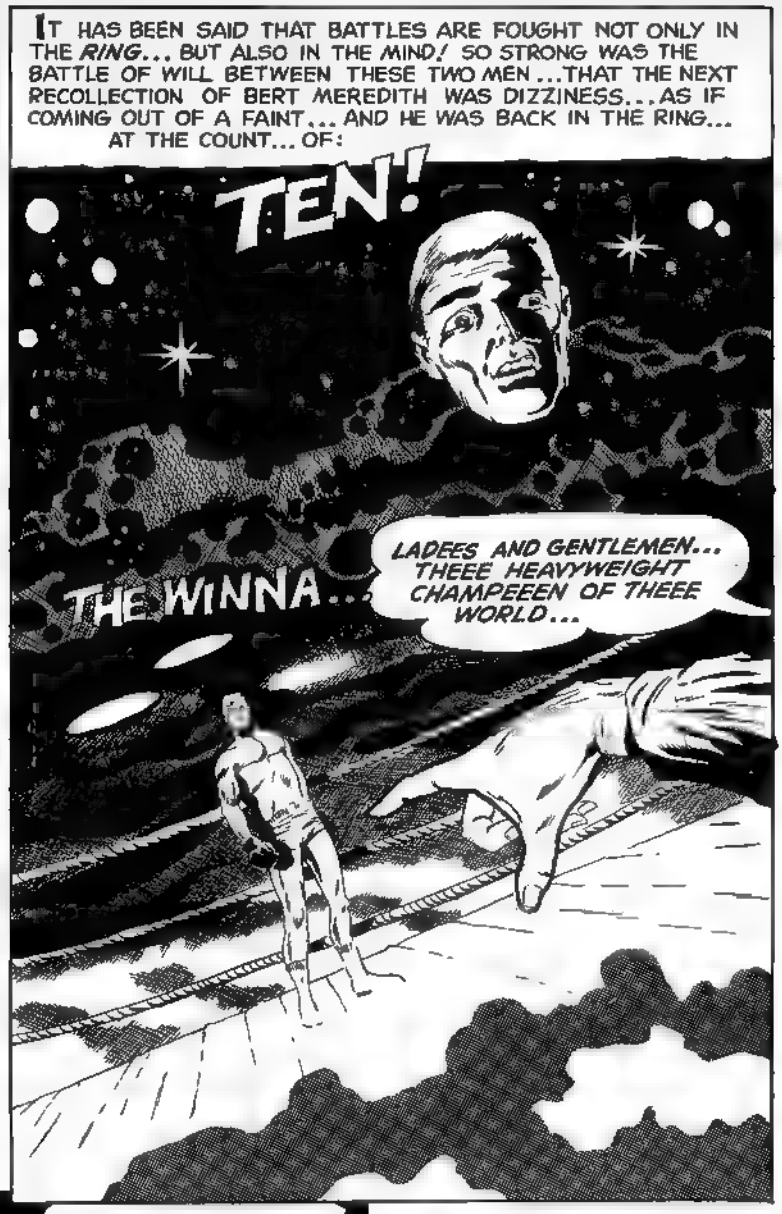
... MY PUNCHES... HAVE NO EFFECT... AT ALL! HE'S AS STRONG AS AN OX!


ONLY CHANCE... IS MAYBE TO TRICK HIM... INTO MAKING A FALSE MOVE... LIKE THIS!
CRACK!
GOT 'IM... IT WORKED!

KRAUS... IS DOWNED! YOU HAVE WON!
COME... CONQUEROR... A CHAMPION FEAST AWAITS YOU!

... BUT WHO ARE YOU... WHAT IS THIS PLACE... SURELY...
YES... SURELY YOU ARE ENTITLED TO YOUR ANSWER... YOU HAVE EARNED IT!
WE ARE THE MAGANTO PEOPLES OF QKLOR... SO ADVANCED IN TECHNOLOGY THAT IT WOULD SIMPLY DWARF YOUR IMAGINATION ... AS YOU ALREADY HAVE WITNESSED BY OUR BRINGING YOU HERE!
OUR ANNUAL TOURNAMENTS ARE OUR ONLY COMFORT... OUR ONLY ENTERTAINMENT!
NOW... AS PROMISED... YOUR REWARD... A PLANET... AT YOUR COMMAND... UNTIL NEXT YEAR... WHEN ONE WILL COME TO CHALLENGE YOU!

NO! I WANT NOTHING! I HAVE A WIFE... CHILDREN... A LIFE OF MY OWN... BACK ON EARTH... YOU HAVE NO RIGHT...!
...NO RIGHT AT ALL!


IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT BATTLES ARE FOUGHT NOT ONLY IN THE RING... BUT ALSO IN THE MIND! SO STRONG WAS THE BATTLE OF WILL BETWEEN THESE TWO MEN ...THAT THE NEXT RECOLLECTION OF BERT MEREDITH WAS DIZZINESS... AS IF COMING OUT OF A FAINT... AND HE WAS BACK IN THE RING... AT THE COUNT... OF:
TEN!
THE WINNA...
LADEES AND GENTLEMEN... THEEE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPEEEN OF THEEE WORLD...

I DON'T KNOW! WAS IT MY IMAGINATION, A FLICKER OF A SUBCONSCIOUS DREAM... NO TIME HAD PASSED...I WAS BACK... WHERE I STARTED!
INTERGALACTIC CHAMPION...WILL I EVER KNOW...

WELL MAYBE BERT... YOU NEVER CAN TELL... TELL YOU WHAT... IF YOU'RE SUDDENLY WHISKED AWAY SOMEWHERE IN ABOUT A YEAR'S TIME... THEN WE'LL KNOW FOR SURE... IF THE GAME IS OVER! AND I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURPRISED ... YOU GOTTA HANDLE INTERGALACTIC PROBLEMS WITH KID GLOVES!
The END

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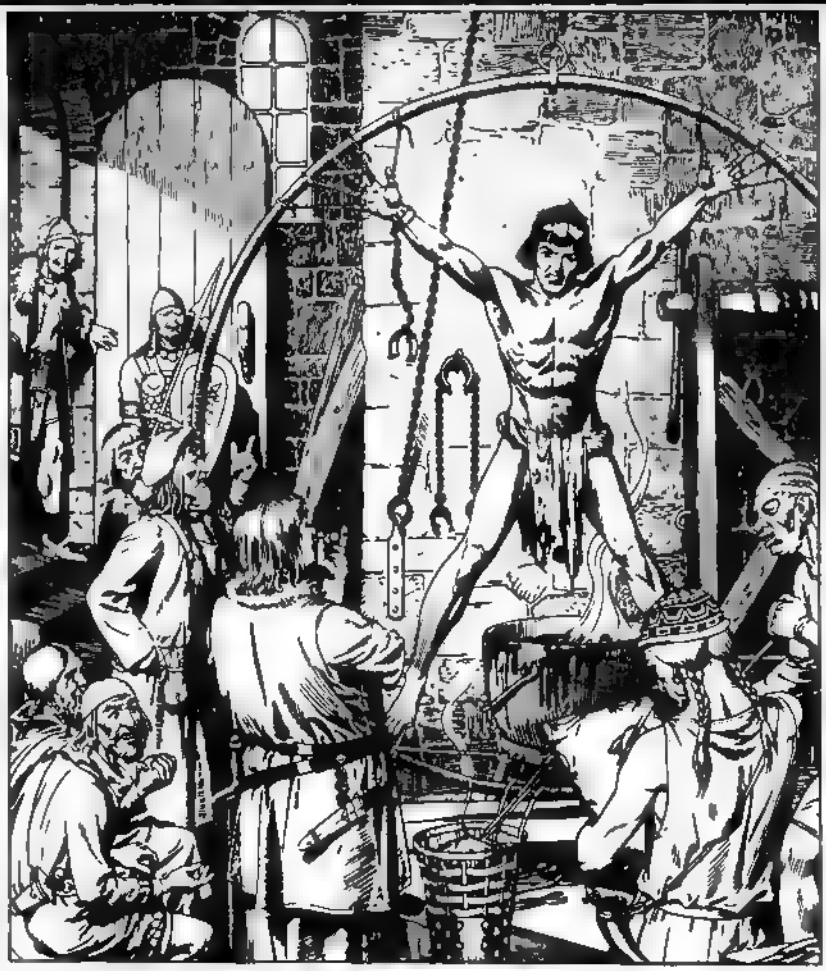

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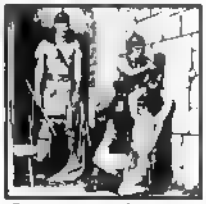

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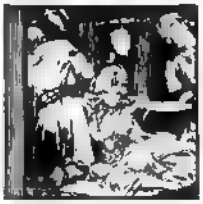

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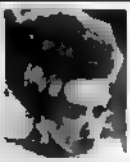
FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor! This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, $6.95; Technicolor, $14.95.



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

FEARFUL FRANKENSTEIN monster Boris Karloff wants to marry Elsa Lanchester. Nothing stops this gruesome twosome . . . not even the fact she is 7 feet tall, is wrapped in ghoulish gauze . . . and has ragged stitches around her neck. A classic film every collector should own! 8mm, 160 feet, $5.75.

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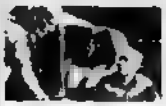

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WOULDN'T YOU KNOW that only Boris Karloff could be so horror-able as the original MUMMY! Back in 1932 he let the Hollywood studio "torture" him for hours, wrapping rotting gauze, spraying chemicals, baking it all with clay. No wonder Karloff was so wonderful as THE MUMMY . . . he felt so horrible he took it out on the film's victims. You'll feel just grand, though, as you watch his eerie performance. 8mm, 160 feet. $5.75.

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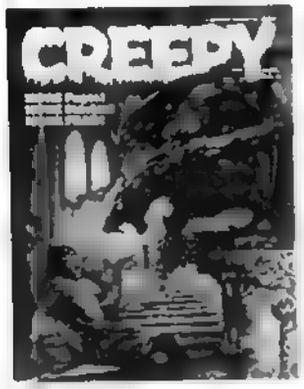

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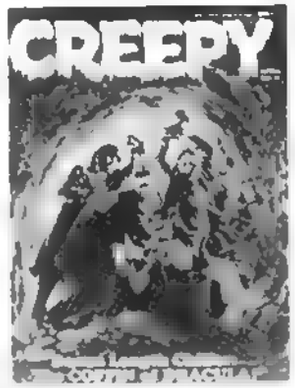

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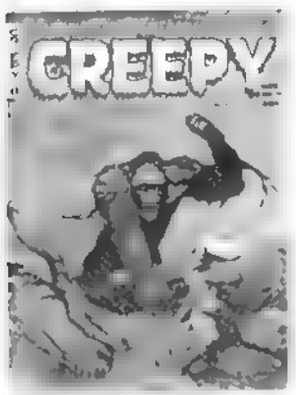

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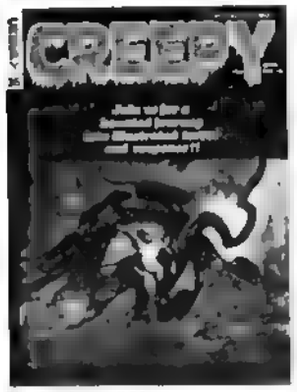

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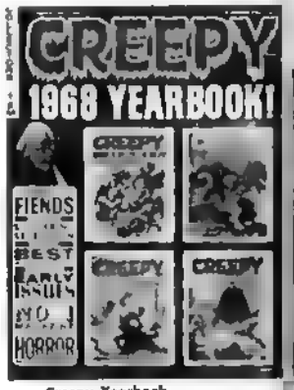

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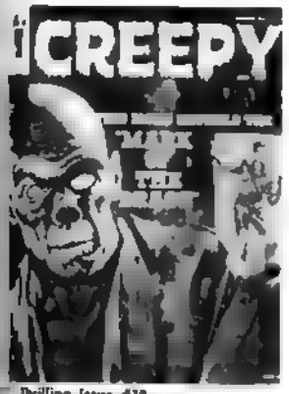
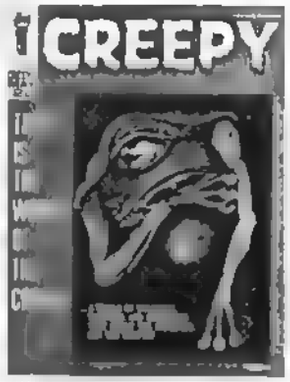


Thrilling Issue #19

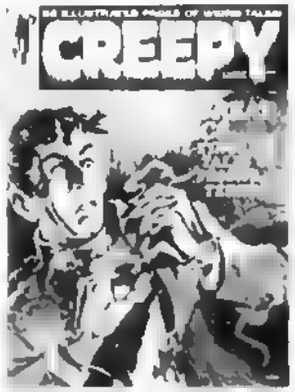
Thrilling Issue #27

Screaming Issue #26

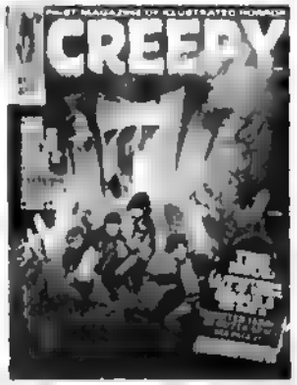
1969 Yearbook



Wild Issue #20

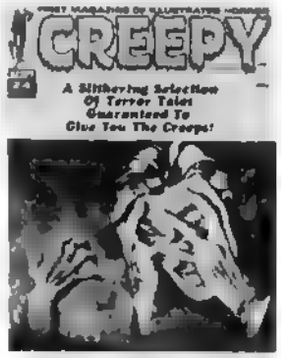


Screaming Issue #21



Thrilling Issue #22

Fantastic Issue #23



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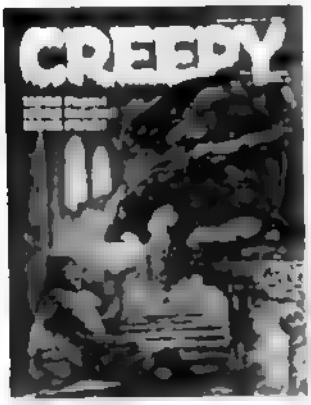
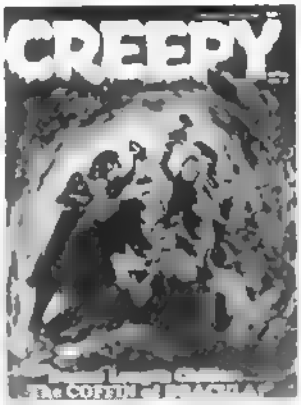


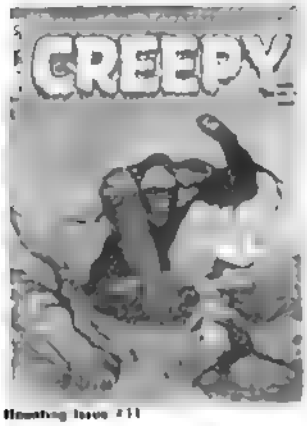
Shocking Issue #6

Screaming Issue #7



Jolting Issue #8

Numbing Issue #9



Haunting Issue #11

Trembling Issue #12

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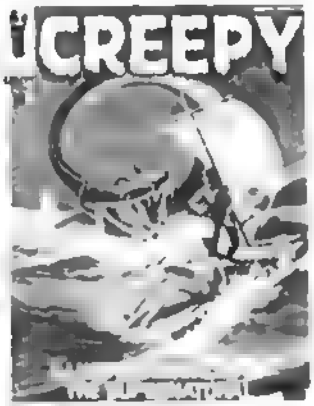
Fearful Issue #14

Blasting Issue #16

Shivering Issue #17



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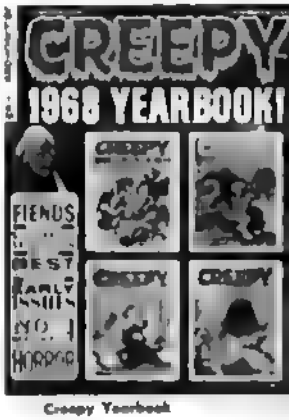
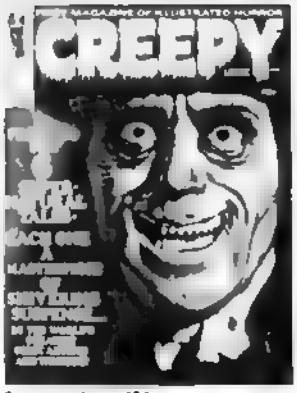


Creepy Yearbook

Fiendish Issue #5

Thrilling Issue #27



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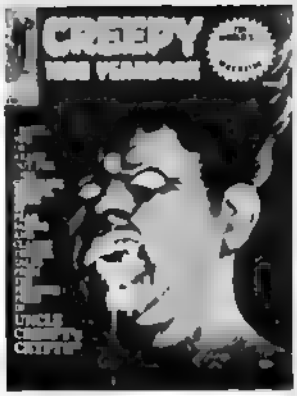
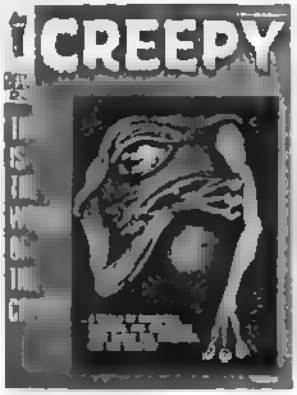


1969 Yearbook

Tingling Issue #10



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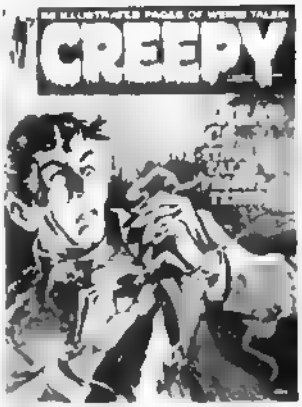
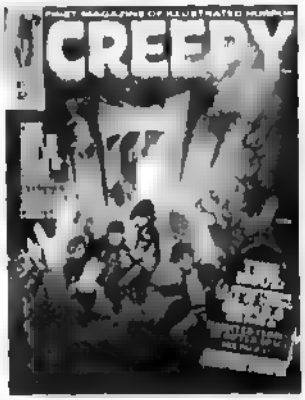


Screaming Issue #21



Thrilling Issue #22

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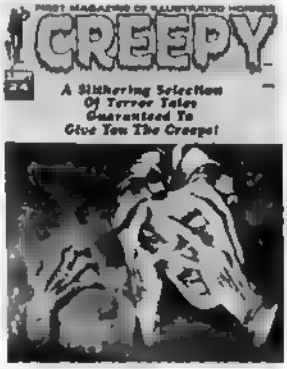

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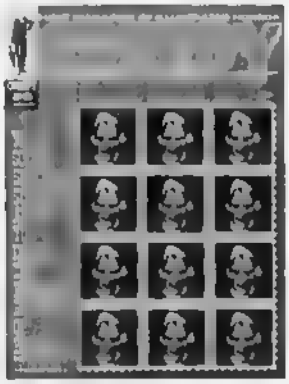
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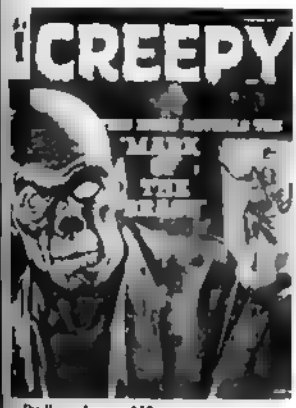

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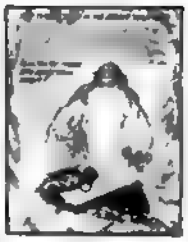
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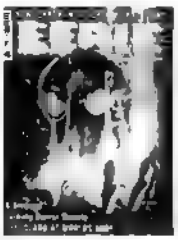
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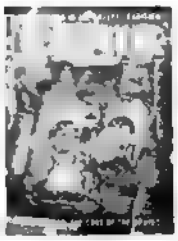
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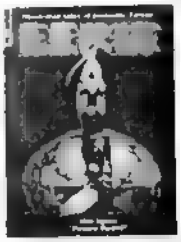
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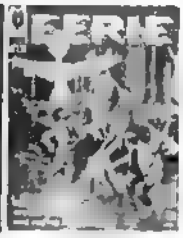
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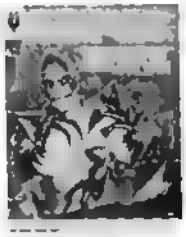
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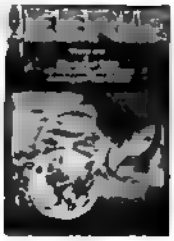
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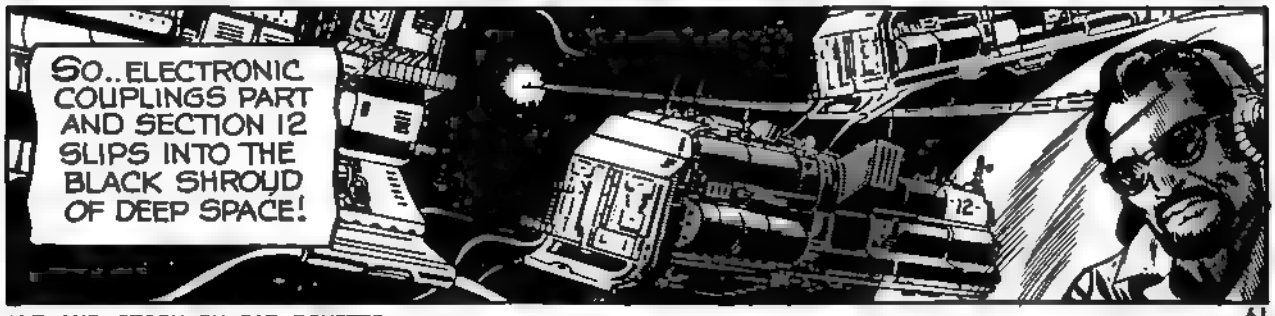
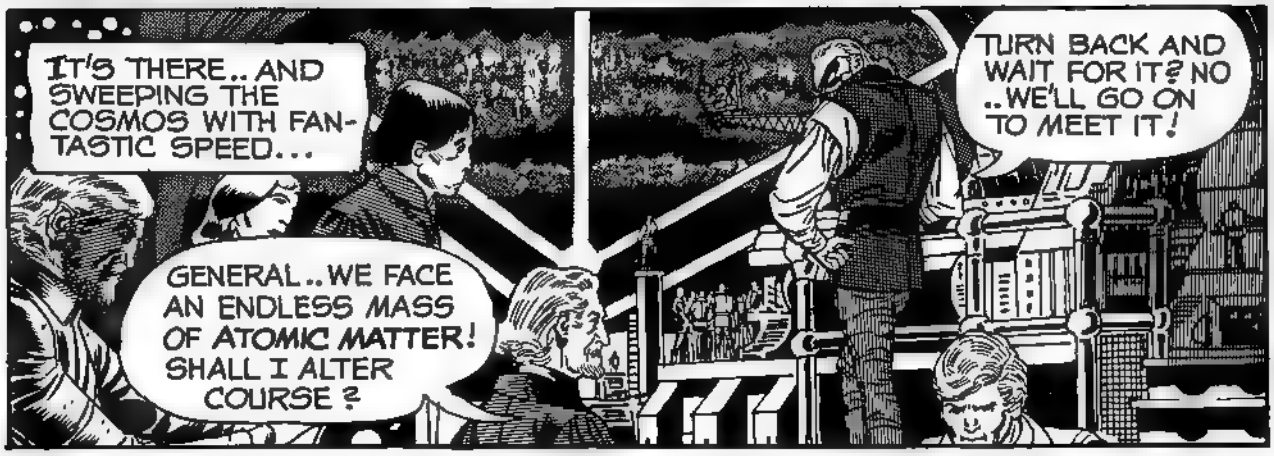
IN COMMAND IS GENERAL GIL CARBON WHO, BECAUSE HE IS OVER FORTY, WEARS AN OBSCURITY MASK SO HIS AGE WILL NOT OFFEND ANY OF THE HALF MILLION YOUTHFUL COLONISTS IN HIS CHARGE! CALMLY, HE RECEIVES A STATUS REPORT..



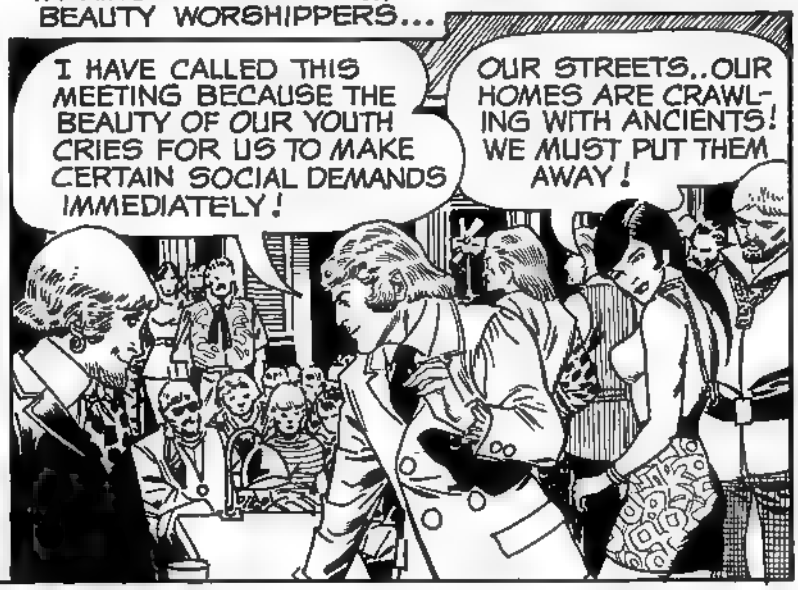
ART AND STORY BY PAT BOYETTE

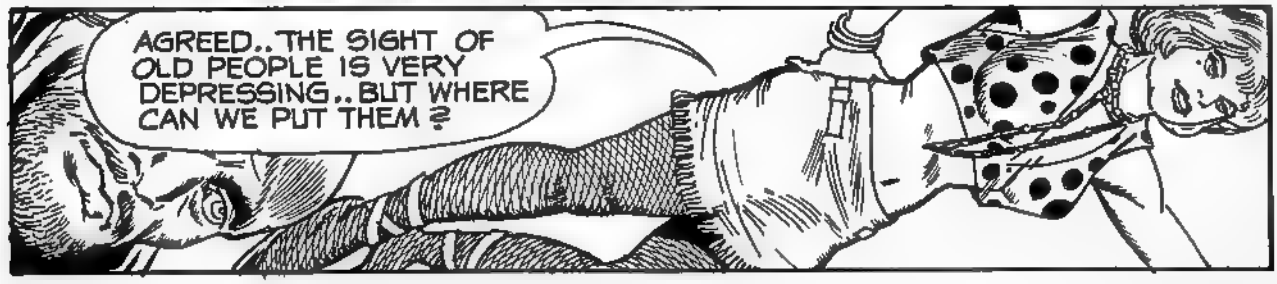
I WANT A COMPLETE ANALYSIS ON THE ORIGIN OF THOSE X-RAYS! I...

BUT THE ORDERS ARE SMOTHERED BY BLARING ALARMS AND SHOUTS OF EXCITEMENT....
I.. I.. DON'T BELIEVE IT.. AN ATOMIC SEA ..SPANNING THE MEASURABLE EXPANSE OF THE UNIVERSE! IT CAN'T BE!
CLANN


IT'S THERE.. AND SWEEPING THE COSMOS WITH FANTASTIC SPEED...
GENERAL.. WE FACE AN ENDLESS MASS OF ATOMIC MATTER! SHALL I ALTER COURSE?
TURN BACK AND WAIT FOR IT? NO ..WE'LL GO ON TO MEET IT!

PERHAPS IT IS TIME FOR AN END TO THIS ABSURDITY ..RETRIBUTION IS LONG OVERDUE!

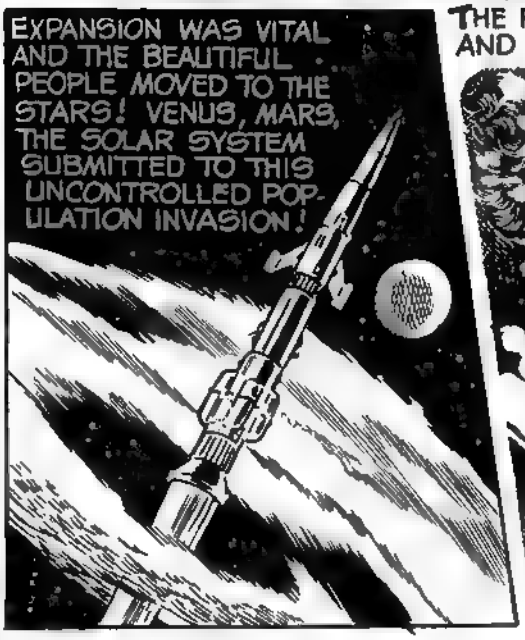

"IT SHOULD HAVE COME ON THAT DARK DAY WHEN MAN STOPPED MAKING IDIOTIC WAR AND STARTED MAKING IDIOTIC LOVE.. AND GAVE BIRTH TO THE BEAUTY WORSHIPPERS...
I HAVE CALLED THIS MEETING BECAUSE THE BEAUTY OF OUR YOUTH CRIES FOR US TO MAKE CERTAIN SOCIAL DEMANDS IMMEDIATELY!
OUR STREETS.. OUR HOMES ARE CRAWLING WITH ANCIENTS! WE MUST PUT THEM AWAY!


AGREED.. THE SIGHT OF OLD PEOPLE IS VERY DEPRESSING.. BUT WHERE CAN WE PUT THEM?

THERE IS A NEW TRANSFERENCE SYSTEM THAT PAINLESSLY CAN TRANSPORT A HUMAN BEING TO SOME-AS YET UNDETERMED DIMENSION! I THINK IT IS THE SOLUTION TO OUR PROBLEM!

AND SO IT BEGAN... FORTY WAS THE MAGIC AGE FOR RETIREMENT TO SOME GLORIOUS VAPOR!

THE AMBITIOUS PROJECT WAS PLACED ON A CONTINUING SCHEDULE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE TURNED TO THE REWARDS OF THEIR YOUTH.. AND THEIR NUMBERS GREW....


EXPANSION WAS VITAL AND THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE MOVED TO THE STARS! VENUS, MARS, THE SOLAR SYSTEM SUBMITTED TO THIS UNCONTROLLED POPULATION INVASION!

THE FOLLOWING GENERATIONS OVERRAN THE MILKY WAY AND EVERY HABITABLE PLANET OF ANDROMEDA....

THERE COULD BE NO END.. LOVE WAS CONQUERING THE UNIVERSE.. AND THE LESSER CREATURES OF THE SYSTEM MUST RETREAT BEFORE THE GLORY OF MAN....
SEEK OUT THE LOATHSOME THINGS...
..DESTROY THEM! WE NEED ROOM TO LIVE!
"ROOM TO LIVE!" HA! VERY SOON IT WILL BE ALL ROOM AND NO LIFE!
GENERAL.. PLEASE ..THAT ATOMIC MASS IS RIGHT ON TOP OF US.. WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
OH, WE ARE JUNIOR.. WE ARE GOING TO DO THE THING MAN DOES BEST! WE ARE GOING TO.....
DIE!

DOOMSDAY!
IN THESE MOMENTS ..ALL LIFE WAS TO PERISH IN SEARING ATOMIC ACID....
WORLDS AND STARS WERE DYING... AND STILL THE PURIFYING SEA SWEPT ON..ON..
....ON TO MOTHER EARTH.. AND WHEN IT HAD PASSED, THE LAND WAS PARCHED AND THE SEAS WERE BARREN... THE CRADLE WAS SILENT AGAIN!

MR. ZONK.. I'VE GIVEN YOU AN INJECTION OF AN ATOMIC ANTI-BODY! IT SHOULD KILL THE INFECTION!

IT'S FORTUNATE YOU CAME IN FOR AN X-RAY.. BUT IF YOU'D MADE IT TEN MILLION YEARS EARLIER.. WE COULD HAVE NIPPED THIS ATTACK OF HUMANITIS IN THE EARLY STAGE!

SO WE CAN KEEP ON TOP OF THIS THING .. YOU MUST HAVE REGULAR CHECK-UPS!

SAY EVERY MILLION YEARS OR SO...

.. WE'RE FIGHTING A NASTY LITTLE STRAIN - AND YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHEN ...

.. IT'LL CROP UP AGAIN!

THAT WAS THE MOST SICKENING STORY I'VE EVER READ! IF THIS INFINITY THING IS TRUE .. I CAN'T EVEN TAKE AN ASPIRIN WITHOUT WIPING OUT A UNIVERSE!
BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, IF THERE ARE TRILLIONS OF LITTLE BITSY UNCLE CREEPY'S FLOATING AROUND.. MAYBE I'D BETTER TAKE TWO ASPRINS!
THE END

The LIFE BLOOD of any COLLECTION!

YOU MIGHT HAVE **CREEPYS** AND **EERIES** PILED TO THE CEILING! YOU MIGHT EVEN HAVE THE ISSUE NUMBER ONE OF THE **GYPSY GAZETTE!** BUT YOUR COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE AT ALL WITHOUT EVERY ISSUE OF **VAMPIRELLA!**
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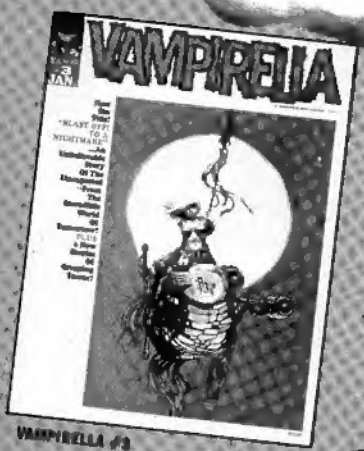

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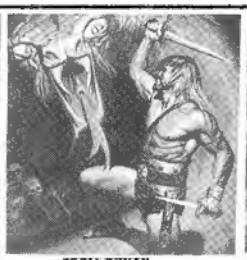

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